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MEMORIAL

OF

FREDERICK LYMAN TREMAIN,

Late Lieut. Col. of the 10th N. Y. Cavalry.

WHO WAS

MORTALLY WOUNDED AT THE BATTLE OF HATCHER'S RUN, VA.,

FEBRUARY 6th,

AND

DIED AT CITY POINT HOSPITAL,

FEBRUARY 8th, 1865.

BY HIS FATHER.

ALBANY:
VAN BENTHUYSEN'S STEAM PRINTING HOUSE.
1865.

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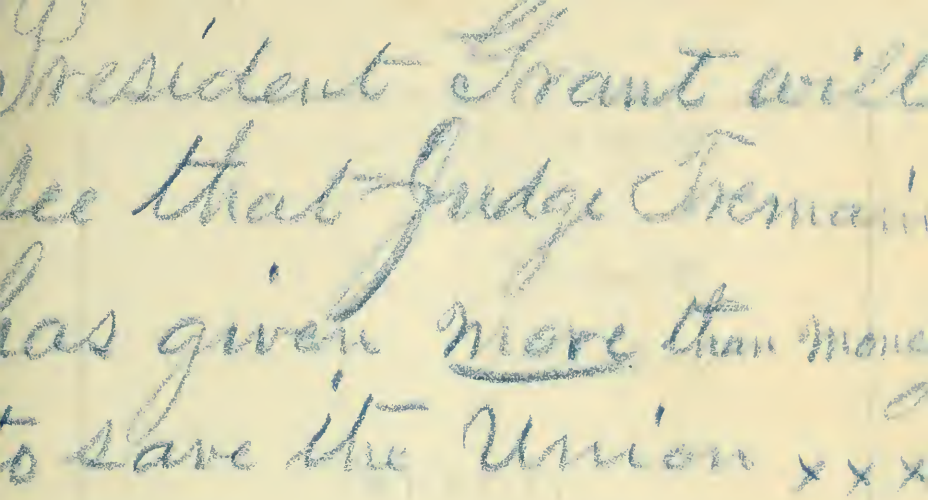

By the death of FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, my first born child has been removed from my family, in the morning of his life, and his name added to the honored roll of patriot martyrs who have fallen in the present struggle for national existence.

Having resolved to write an unpretending sketch of his life and character, the occasion seems appropriate to explain the reasons which have impelled me to perform this work of affection and duty.

When one so brave and patriotic, so good and generous, and, I may add, so talented and distinguished as the subject of this memoir, gives his young life to his country, the promptings of justice and patriotism alone, would require that some record of his example and his services should be preserved.

The voluntary testimonials to his virtues, and to the estimation in which he was held by his brother officers in the army, and by others, who knew him intimately, have been so numerous and emphatic, and the expressions of public sympathy and sorrow so extraordinary and general, as to justify a more enduring memorial than can be supplied by written letters, or the newspapers of the day.

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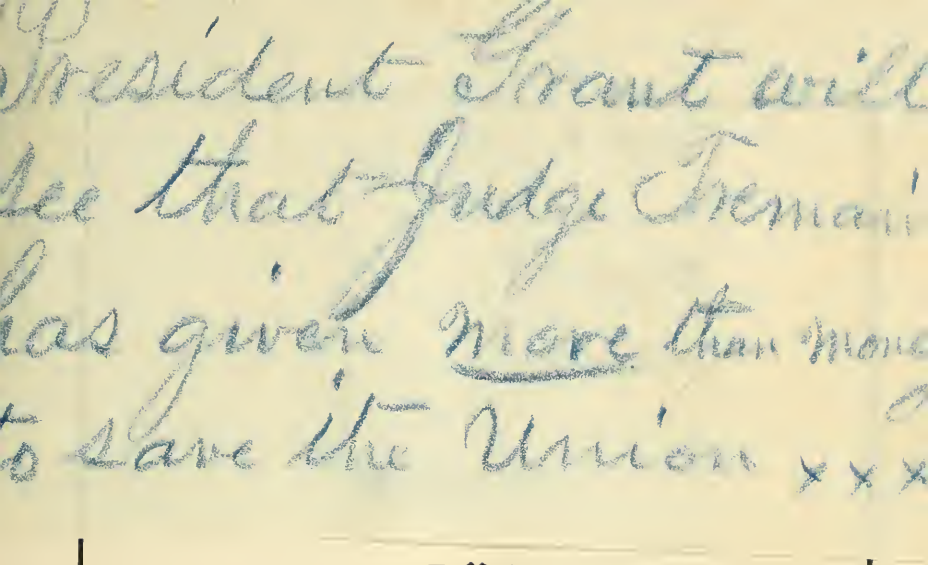

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Nor, as I believe, can this labor of love devolve on any one more fitly than on me. No earthly vanity, no vain desire to obtain earthly fame for my gallant boy, exerts any influence upon my action. How vain and empty are earthly fame and worldly honors to him whose remains are deposited in the tomb! How hollow and unsatisfactory are these to one crushed and prostrate under a blow so severe and bewildering as that I have received!

Were it not for other duties and obligations, often would I have been disposed to use the mourning lamentation of David for his dead son.

"O my son Absalom! my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son."

But Absalom lost his life while he was engaged in a treasonable conspiracy against the government and authority of his Royal Father, while my son offered his, in obedience to the call of his country, and in the performance of the highest duty that could rest upon him as a dutiful, loyal, obedient and faithful son and citizen.

While so much of my happiness, my hopes, and my heart lie buried with my brave boy, it may afford me some solace—it is the very least tribute I can offer to his memory—to perform the melancholy office of doing justice to his career. This little narrative is intended, mainly, for those who were interested in the deceased.

It may serve to remind my descendants of the household monument which can be seen in my family so long as that family shall exist.

It may serve to teach them the wickedness and sin of treason against a beneficent government! It may tend to strengthen their love for a country, the preservation of which has demanded so costly a sacrifice! It may stimulate them to take a higher view of their duty to their country

and their God! The bright example of this young patriot may nerve their arm, and strengthen their heart, to offer any and all necessary sacrifices, even the sacrifice of life itself, higher than which can no man give, for the preservation of our country, our Union, and our free institutions!

Frederick Lyman Tremain was the eldest child of Lyman and Helen Cornwall Tremain, and was born at Durham, Greene county, N. Y., on the 13th of June, 1843. He died at City Point Hospital, Virginia, on the 8th of February, 1865, from a gunshot wound received in battle, near Hatcher's Run, on the 6th of February, being 21 years, 7 months and 24 days old, at the time of his death.

Of his ancestry, all that I propose to state in this connection is, that he descended, both on his father's and mother's side, from revolutionary stock. His paternal great-grandfather, Nathaniel Tremain, was a soldier of the Revolutionary War, who died, highly esteemed and respected, at Pittsfield, Berkshire county, Mass. His maternal great-grandfather, Captain Dan. Cornwall, was also a soldier of the Revolution, and a worthy citizen, who died at Cornwallsville, Greene county, N. Y.

In his boyish career, there is little to record, which is worthy of special notice. While he was by no means precocious, he was a remarkably bright, intelligent and active boy. His nature was so genial and generous that he was always a favorite, not only with his youthful comrades, but with all who were brought in contact with him.

He had a remarkable facility in the acquisition of knowledge, and, apparently without effort, mastered whatever lessons were required of him, in and out of school. In all boyish sports and athletic exercises, he was an acknowledged leader. He displayed then, and through his subsequent life, an unusual degree of mechanical ingenuity.

There was one trait in his character which was developed at a very early period, and which became, afterwards, prominent and extraordinary. This was his wonderful courage, coolness and self-reliance. Many instances to illustrate this characteristic might be related, commencing as early as when he was three years old, but I refrain from giving them a place here, fearful that their publication might be ascribed to an overweening parental fondness. Quick in forming his conclusions, prompt in action, fertile in resources, obstacles and difficulties served only to stimulate him in the execution of his purposes, and rare, very rare, was the instance, so rare, indeed, that no case can be now recalled, in which he failed to accomplish, successfully, whatever he undertook.

His religious education was carefully attended to, and, at an early age, he received the holy rite of baptism, in the Protestant Episcopal Church, at Oak Hill, under the ministration of the Rev. L. A. Barrows. The following extract is from a letter received from this faithful minister and good man, written at Norfolk, St. Lawrence county, his present residence. "We feel to deeply sympathise with you under the dark cloud which this sudden and unexpected bereavement has thrown over you. Since such is the melancholy fact that a dear child, a brilliant youth, in the defence of his country, has been called from your paternal embrace, let faith lift the veil, and view in a world of bliss, future scenes more glorious than could have been won here on battle fields. FREDERICK is gone. I placed the form of the cross upon his forehead, and, as in life, so in death, let us believe that he triumphed over the spiritual enemy and is now rejoicing in the kingdom of God." Here let me add, that, after his death, there was found in his camp tent, carefully preserved, a copy of the Holy Bible given

to him by his dear mother, with a mark placed at chapters five and six of Matthew, which contain that sublime and comprehensive epitome of man's whole duty, Christ's sermon on the mount.

In November, 1853, he removed, with his father's family, from Durham to the city of Albany, where he continued to reside until his death. Here several years were passed in faithful and diligent study, preparatory to his college education. The schools he attended, in the city, were the Albany Boy's Academy, and, afterwards, the Classical Institute, in Eagle street, of which Professor Charles H. Anthony was Principal. Under the instruction of this excellent and faithful teacher he spent between two and three years of his life. Between Mr. Anthony and his young pupil, relations of friendship were contracted, which continued in full force to the end. The photograph of this teacher of his boyhood was found, after his death, among the valued memorials in his army trunk. Since his death, Mr. Anthony has written to the author the following tribute to the memory of the lad who was his scholar at the age of twelve and thirteen years.

ALBANY, FEB. 25, 1865.

HON. LYMAN TREMAIN,

Dear Sir: I heartily thank you for the gift of a photograph of your gallant son FREDERICK, representing him in appropriate military attire, just as he appeared previous to the sanguinary conflict in which he poured out his life's blood in defence of our sacred Union. This portrait has a special interest to me now, because I can place it, side by side, with one presented by his own hands while he was yet a pupil under my charge. FREDERICK entered the Classical Institute September 13, 1855. and pursued his studies there until April 30, 1858, when he left for the purpose of attending an institution more remote from city excitements, and, consequently, more favorable for the mental culture which, at that age, he so much needed. A comparison of the two portraits naturally suggests the question, 'did he, at the age of thirteen, give any promise of the sterling manhood which was so strikingly exhibited in his subsequent life?' He certainly did so, if integrity of purpose, ingenuousness in avowing, and firmness in maintaining what he conceived to

be right, afford any indications of a principle of *heroism* yet to be developed. In the Divine economy, men are created and endowed with faculties appropriate to the stations they are destined to fill. May we not hope that he who was so dear to us, and whose earthly record was so illustrious, has stood in the lot assigned him by the All-wise Disposer of events, and that he was permitted to *finish* his portion of the great work in which our Nation is engaged, ere the fiat went forth that so suddenly withdrew him from our gaze? I mingle my sympathies with the grief of the bereaved parents, and commend to them the consolations which the great Comforter alone can afford.

Very truly yours,
C. H. ANTHONY.

In the spring of 1858, FREDERICK entered the Classical school for boys, under the charge of Mr. James Sedgwick, at Great Barrington, Mass. In this beautiful New England village, he remained pursuing his studies, and attracting the affectionate regard of teachers and schoolmates, for one year. This excellent and experienced teacher pays the following feeling tribute to the merits of his pupil.

GREAT BARRINGTON, 3D MARCH, 1865.

MR. TREMAIN,

My Dear Sir: Your brave boy, the late Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN, entered my school in the spring of 1858, and remained one year. I am grateful for the privilege, though a sad one, to bear testimony to the great excellence of character maintained by him while with us. The school records, and my distinct recollection, speak of his diligence as a scholar, of his generous impulses and of his unswerving integrity in all his intercourse both as a pupil and companion. If any one trait of character was particularly noticeable above others, where all were excellent, it was his unselfish disposition and high sense of honor, which inclined him to assume the responsibility of an act to save others from censure or harm.

I have, hanging up in my hall, his miniature, with those of Masters Pruyn and Delavan, noble boys all, whose early deaths excited our earnest sympathy in behalf of the bereaved.

Your son has given his life for his country, a martyr in a cause in whose triumphant success the well being of the race is identified. Would that he could have been spared to see the fruit of his efforts. But he has gone to the bosom of his God, no doubt a better appointment for him, and left as a legacy for weeping friends, the memory of a well spent life. May I hope, my dear sir, you so regard it, and that to your dying hour, when you shall

anticipate a speedy reunion with the loved but *not* lost, you shall take much comfort from the reflection, that your own blood, in the person of your son, has been shed for the redemption of suffering humanity.

Very truly yours,
JAS. SEDGWICK.

In the spring of 1859, FREDERICK became a pupil in the celebrated school for boys, under the charge of the Reverend Thomas C. Reed, D. D., at Walnut Hill, Geneva. He continued in Doctor Reed's school until the summer of 1860, when several of his school companions were examined for admission into Hobart College, Geneva, and FREDERICK, who had formed very strong attachments with them, also applied, and passed his examination, and having been found qualified, was admitted into the Freshman Class and entered that college, at the commencement of the college year, in September, 1860.

It happened that in January, 1865, a few weeks before his death, during his last visit home, FREDERICK again met his old friend and former instructor, Doctor Reed, on an occasion of unusual interest. This was at the silver wedding of Mr. Pomeroy, a gentleman of wealth and prominence, at Pittsfield. Doctor Reed had performed the marriage ceremony for this gentleman and his wife twenty-five years before, and, on the present occasion, he again attended their nuptials, when he delivered an address and read a poem. FREDERICK attended the wedding, which was equal in splendor and hospitality to anything ever before known in this country, and, on his return home, related the incidents of his visit with great delight, and, as usual, on social and festive occasions, he seemed to have entered into the spirit of this one with all the earnestness and ardor of his nature. He spoke also, with lively satisfaction, of his meeting with his old friend and instructor, Doctor Reed, for whom he had always entertained a high regard.

In the following extracts from a letter received from Doctor Reed, since FREDERICK's death, he thus touchingly alludes to his old student, and to his meeting him at Pittsfield.

"The death of FREDERICK, especially under the circumstances of our last and recent meeting, was overwhelming, and I feel as if I had lost my own son. I have attempted several times to write to you. I was prevented from attending the funeral only by the failure of the train. If it had been my privilege to be with you, I wished to make an address in the church. I made his death and character the subject of my evening lecture the Sunday after, and as there were some boys here who were his cotemporaries, and many who used to see his winning face and graceful bearing, there was much sympathy and satisfactory feeling manifested.

There is but this, my dear sir, to be said—"The Lord Omnipotent reigneth." It is only in the infinite power, wisdom, and love of God, that we can find rational comfort under the pressure of such a calamity as this. I pray earnestly that He will be with you in the richest consolations of his grace.

I have lost many of my dearest pupils in this war, but the death of none has come home to me as FREDERICK's has. He had got into the position precisely for which he was fitted, and in which he was sure to be successful and distinguished. I was very strongly impressed with this on our visit to Pittsfield, during which I saw much of him.

On my return from Pittsfield to Albany, I had in my care a lady, a neice of ———, who was entremely pleased with his appearance and manners. Since his death she has written to me expressing deep sorrow and admiration

Our passage in the cars was very pleasant. There were the young —— and other boys from Albany, and they, with FREDERICK, were having a merry time. During the fun, I asked FREDERICK when he was going to join his regiment? "Next Saturday," he replied. "Then," said I, "you will need your sword, and I will take care of your cane for you." In a way that delighted the young lady who was with me, he said, "Will you have the kindness to accept of it, sir?" It is needless for me to say that the cane will be a cherished memorial.

I write hastily to commune with you on a loss which I feel very little less than it is felt by yourself and Mrs. Tremain, and FREDERICK's brother and sister."

The two years, or nearly two years, of his college life were marked by no unusual incidents. Many warm friendships were formed, and his genial and unselfish character, as well as his excellent natural abilities, were duly appreciated.

Nor was he backward in performing his full share in the mischief-loving scrapes in which, from time immemorial, boys in college have been accustomed to take part. He was proud of the secret society of which he became a member, and contributed, to the extent of his ability, to promote its power and influence. In brief, during the three years and upwards that he was pursuing his studies in this most beautiful village, surrounded by the delightful scenery which nature has lavished there with such bountiful profusion, he was constantly acquiring that education which enabled him, in after life, to master with facility the duties of the responsible and arduous positions which he was called to hold.

By the firing upon Fort Sumter, his patriotism was aroused, and he experienced an ardent desire to become a volunteer in the army of the Union. About this time, the people of Geneva were engaged in organizing an engineer corps, under the command of Mr. Charles B. Stuart, formerly State Engineer and Surveyor. Frederick desired to enlist, and applied to his father for his permission, but, there being at that time, no difficulty in procuring volunteers, and his college career having commenced only the fall before, the paternal consent was then withheld, not finally, but for the present.

In December, 1861, the annual sophomore exercises in public speaking took place, and Frederick was selected as one of the thirteen speakers of his class to participate in them. In a letter inviting his parents to attend he writes, "I think you will not hear any bad speaking, but, on the contrary, will hear much good speaking on the occasion." The exhibition took place at Linden Hall, in the presence of a large and intelligent audience, and he acquitted himself quite creditably. In the Geneva Gazette, his

performance was specially mentioned in complimentary and flattering terms.

FREDERICK had always expressed the highest respect and esteem for the Reverend Abner Jackson, President of the college, and I take the liberty of making the following extract from a letter written by Doctor Jackson to the author, since his death.

"I cannot refrain from assuring you and Mrs. Tremain of my sincere and deep sympathy in this great and sudden affliction. The news of FREDERICK'S decease touched very many hearts in the college here, and in the village, where he was so well known. From the moment he entered the army, I anticipated for him a brilliant career. He had a manly and noble presence, a quick apprehension, sound judgment, promptness of action, and those qualities of heart and character which would endear him to both officers and men. I was glad to hear of his merited promotion, and I felt shocked and grieved when I heard of his early death Our consolation must be that he gave his life for his country, and that he fell fighting in a noble cause.

God alone can sustain and comfort in such an hour. I pray that he may pour the balm of his heavenly consolation into your wounded hearts."

During the summer of 1862, after the President's call for more men appeared, FREDERICK, who had never for a moment relinquished his desire to enter the army, again urged his father to yield his consent. The author was thus brought face to face with the stern reality of war, and he was called upon to determine the question whether the application of this loved son should be granted or denied. He had, from the commencement of the great conflict, labored, to the extent of his ability, to convince his countrymen, that it was their duty to sustain the government and overthrow the rebellion. He had exerted whatever influence he possessed, by public addresses, and in various other modes, to induce men to take the field against the enemies of the country. The conviction that it was the solemn duty of every American citizen to sustain the authority and preserve the life of the nation at any and all sacrifices, was as full and complete as the human mind was

capable of entertaining. This conviction formed a part of his very being, and he believed that, in this great crisis of the nation's peril, his duty to his beloved country was second only to his duty to his God.

Adherence to this conviction had already caused the sundering of ties and associations cherished through life, and thereby produced an amount of mental suffering capable of being endured only by the consciousness of duty performed. More than one year's terrible experience in the sanguinary struggle, had revealed the dangerous character of the conspiracy formed to overthrow the Union and our Republican institutions, and to strengthen the belief, that without universal self-denial and united action, among the friends of the Republic, all would be lost, and once gone, could never be regained.

Should he now refuse to make the sacrifice required, by permitting that son to aid in the defence of his imperiled country, a sacrifice which he had been asking others to make? Should he withhold from the service of that country one who possessed the ability and the desire to make himself useful in the contest? Should he be subjected to the reproach of having urged others to send their sons, brothers and relatives to the war, and yet shrink from the application of the stern test of sincerity and patriotism in the case of his own son?

Should he compel that son to feel and, perhaps, to admit in future times, that he was withheld from going forth to fight against his country's enemies by his own father, and that father one who had professed to be in favor of prosecuting the war with all the power and resources of the nation?

After careful deliberation, aided by the best lights which his imperfect human reason afforded, he resolved

that his consent should no longer be withheld, and it was granted.

And now, with the bright hopes and brilliant promises that clustered around that gallant youth forever extinguished—now, with soul and spirit crushed by the traitorous bullet which took his young life—now, with the prop on which I had fondly hoped to lean, in my declining years, shivered to atoms, the question comes home to me: Did I right in yielding that consent? and down, down from the inmost recesses of my soul, the still small voice of conscience whispers an affirmative response.

The consent of his mother followed, and FREDERICK immediately began his arrangements for the new field of duty, with great earnestness and energy. He had already become a member of company A, of the Zouave Cadets, a uniformed company in the 10th Regiment of Militia, and had been engaged in acquiring the drill and the necessary military science. This company has become highly distinguished during the war. It can point, on its muster rolls, to many names among the noblest, most gifted and patriotic of the young men of Albany. It has already sent more than ninety of its members to the field, each one of whom has earned and obtained a commission, many of high rank, and all of respectable position.

Having obtained from Hobart College, an honorable dismissal, his attention was immediately devoted to the new regiment of infantry, known as the 113th regiment of New York volunteers, which was then in the process of being organized in the city of Albany.

For the purpose of organizing this regiment, His Excellency, Governor Morgan, had designated a war committee, embracing some of the most patriotic and influential citizens of Albany, and the committee held daily sessions at the

Mayor's room in the City Hall. It was resolved to make this regiment one of the best that had been sent forth from the State. The Governor had entrusted to the committee the duty of recommending suitable persons to obtain authorization papers, to recruit volunteers with reference to having commissions, as lieutenants and captains, issued to those who were able to recruit the requisite number of men.

FREDERICK promptly applied to the committee, and was the first person who received from the Adjutant General, on the recommendation of the committee, authority to obtain recruits for the new regiment. He erected his tent in front of Capitol Park, in State street, issued his posters, associated with him young Orr and young McEwen, (the former of whom has since lost his life, in the army, and the latter is now Judge Advocate of the first division, second army corps, having been for some time a prisoner at Libby Prison, Richmond,) and proceeded, with vigor and energy, to obtain volunteers. Indeed, the real manhood of his character was displayed from the moment he felt the responsibilities of his position, and continued to manifest itself, more and more clearly, in every subsequent stage of his career.

The late Adjutant General, John T. Sprague, then a Major in the United States army, was on duty for the Government, at Albany, as an auditing and disbursing officer. The war committee unanimously designated him as the Colonel of the new regiment, and he accepted the position. The Government at Washington, however, soon after this, declined to relieve him from duty in the regular army, and, hence, he was only enabled to act as Colonel for a very few days. During that time, however, discovering the necessity of an Adjutant for the regiment, and being acquainted with FREDERICK, Colonel Sprague kindly

tendered him the position of Adjutant. It was accepted, and his selection approved by Governor Morgan.

In the time that intervened prior to the period when the regiment left Albany, which was about thirty days, the whole duty of organizing it, and getting it into proper working order, devolved upon the new Adjutant. The Colonel (Morris) did not arrive until a very short time before the regiment moved. No other field officer was selected until a day or two prior to that time, and the only other officer, besides the Adjutant, was Doctor Pomfret, Surgeon, whose duties were confined to the surgical and medical department.

To the faithful discharge of these duties, FREDERICK devoted himself, days and nights, dividing his time between the headquarters in Broadway, and the barracks. How readily he mastered those duties, and how well he performed them, may be inferred from the letter of Doctor Pomfret, the present Surgeon General of the State of New York, published with this memorial, and from the frequent compliments bestowed upon him by the committee, who were superintending his movements, and who were surprised and gratified by the qualities he exhibited. If any apprehensions had been entertained, by reason of the Adjutant's youth, it is believed they were entirely and speedily dispelled.

Lewis O. Morris, the Colonel who was selected to command the new regiment, was a valuable and accomplished officer. His father, Captain Morris, lost his life in the Mexican war. Lewis had acquired much distinction, by his capture of Fort Macon, while in command of the artillery. He had been fifteen years in the army, and bore an enviable reputation as an artillery officer.

About the 19th of August, 1862, the 113th regiment, with 1,060 bayonets, left the city of Albany, under orders

to report at Washington. It was one of the first regiments placed in the field, under the President's call, and received a beautiful stand of colors, as well as the Springfield muskets, which had been promised to each of the first four regiments. A finer regiment, or one carrying with it so many good wishes and so much interest, on the part of Albanians, never left our city.

Of that noble body of men how few, alas, now survive! The brave Morris fell, gallantly fighting at the head of his regiment, at Spottsylvania Court House, in the summer of 1864. Between him and FREDERICK there soon sprung up, and always existed, mutual esteem and regard. When FREDERICK made his last visit home, he and Doctor Pomfret were the only survivors of the field officers of that gallant regiment, and now Doctor Pomfret alone remains! FREDERICK had, at home, a photograph of Colonel Morris, and soon after his return home called for the picture, and on seeing it he evinced much feeling and addressed it as if it were the Colonel himself.

When the regiment reached Washington, the officer in charge of its defences, knowing the skill of Colonel Morris as an artillery officer, procured the assignment of the regiment to duty upon the defences of the city, where it was, not long afterwards, converted into the 7th New York artillery.

The ensuing fifteen months were passed by FREDERICK, with his regiment, near Fort Reno, about five miles from Washington. He applied himself, diligently, to the acquisition of the knowledge required in the artillery service. Part of the time, he was engaged in teaching a school of officers in military tactics. He devoted himself faithfully to the performance of his official duties. Twice I had the pleasure of visiting him there, and could not fail to discover that he was a universal favorite with the officers and men.

He became thoroughly familiar with his new profession. About the time of leaving the regiment, he happened one day to be engaged with a brother officer, in discussing the subject of being examined as to qualifications before a military board in session at Washington, when FREDERICK volunteered to be examined. His duties called him frequently to Washington, and soon afterwards he presented himself before the board, and was subjected to a thorough examination, the result of which was that he passed the examination successfully, and was tendered, in a few days, a Lieutenant Colonel's commission in a colored regiment, but, meantime, he had received another appointment which he preferred.

At one time he had a severe attack of typhoid fever, produced by the miasma of the Potomac, to which he was exposed, in the discharge of his official duties, and under the advice of his surgeon, he obtained a short leave of absence and visited his home, but soon returned to his duties with renewed zeal and energy. In writing to me that he had deemed it best for his health to make a short visit home, his surgeon says :

"The Adjutant was quite unwilling to listen to the suggestion, but deeming it best, I insisted, imperatively, and shall apply for a furlough to-morrow.

"Regretting the necessity which separates him, even temporarily, from the staff, on his own account, I should do myself injustice, as well as injustice to my brother officers, if I omitted to state that we shall wait anxiously to hear of his convalescence, and to welcome him again to the regiment."

On the most elevated ground in the District of Columbia, about six miles from the Capitol, stands Fort Reno, formerly called Fort Pennsylvania. Within a short distance from the fort, and upon a level plain, may yet be seen the little village of log cabins, laid out into streets, which was built for the accommodation of the 7th New York artillery. Upon

one side, near by, stand the hospital and the office for the surgeon, as well as the house erected for the use of Doctor Pomfret, and occupied by that skilful and noble hearted surgeon, with his family, during the fifteen months that the regiment remained upon the defences of Washington.

On the other side are a few officers' cabins or huts, and one of these, more tasteful than its neighbors, with a little piazza at each end, was the "Adjutant's quarters," constructed for, and under the superintendence of, the subject of this sketch. He thus describes the locality in a letter to his sister.

"You would laugh, I imagine, if you saw my little cottage. It is made of logs split in half with the bark outside, and the chinks plastered up with mortar. It has two rooms in it, and you could put the whole building inside of my old room at home. The men of the regiment have little log houses, about one half the size of mine, and four men live in a house. There are regular streets running the same way, and the officers' houses are at the end of the street, overlooking it. Our chairs are all home-made, but are very comfortable. * * * I have a little terrier dog that one of the men gave me. He is about the same size that Dash was. I would like to send him to Lyman, Jr., if I could, he is so good natured."

Frederick was a universal favorite among the common soldiers. He always treated them with kindness and justice. Quick to discover real merit in a private, and mingling much with the men, his opinions concerning promotions had great influence with Colonel Morris, and many a deserving soldier has been indebted for his promotion from the ranks, to the aid and recommendation of the Adjutant.

He began, after more than a year had elapsed, and still no orders to move came, to desire more active service. The conversion of his regiment into an artillery regiment, thus placing it in a higher branch of service, had been gratifying to him, but he had not anticipated so long a continuance of garrison duty, and, having reason to believe that the

regiment might remain doing that duty for a long time, and perhaps until the end of the war, his active spirit began to chafe under the monotony of his present life. Animated by an honorable ambition, he could not enjoy a life of inglorious ease.

He wrote several letters to the author, expressing these feelings, and desiring his aid in obtaining a position where he might have an opportunity to acquire distinction, and strike a blow at the enemies of his country.

In October, 1863, he wrote a letter from which I make the following extracts, to show the state of his mind at that time.

"I am, of course, more or less ambitious. I have enlisted to serve my country, and I want, while I am serving her, to make some small modicum of fame for myself. The life that I lead here is far from satisfactory to myself, although extremely pleasant.

"I feel myself competent, or rather I feel in myself the ability to make myself competent, for almost any military position. I should, at any rate, like to be tried in some place where opportunities for distinction can be had. Our regiment is in garrison. Barracks have just been finished for them, and there is every indication that this is to be a permanent garrison. General H. has been relieved, and now our chance even for going to Texas is very small. I desire a place where I can see some service, or, at least, where my mind can be actively employed.

"I am almost tempted, if I cannot go up in the service, to resign and come home, to apply myself to other studies than military, although for an officer to resign (unless on account of physical disability) places him in an unenviable position.

"The officers here are a jolly good set of fellows, but most of them are quite contented to stay and lead an easy, jovial, convivial life.

"I would be perfectly satisfied to stay in this regiment, as Adjutant, if we were to move, and all were put to the test, but I am honestly dissatisfied with the way in which I am spending the best part of my life.

"I have now told you what has been troubling me for some time, and I feel easier for it, for you are the only one to whom I can confide these feelings. If the officers here were to hear me say that I was not satisfied, they would say I was foolish, that I had the most pleasant place in the regiment, new and handsome quarters, almost unlimited personal liberty, more so than any of them, and very little to do, but I feel something beyond that. Please write me and tell me what you think of my aspirations and where I am wrong in them."

Influenced by these appeals, the author applied for, and in November, obtained, for FREDERICK, a Presidential appointment as Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain; an appointment which was subsequently confirmed by the Senate. I was present when this appointment was handed to him by that devoted patriot and able cabinet officer, Edwin M. Stanton. He observed as he gave it, "I trust I shall hereafter have the pleasure of conferring on you higher honors;" to which FREDERICK modestly replied, "I hope my future conduct will give you no reason to regret the confidence reposed in me."

FREDERICK had learned of the reputation already acquired by that brave and rising young General, Henry E. Davies, Jr., of the cavalry service, and he asked for and obtained an order to report to him for duty. His departure from the old 7th Regiment was the occasion for much regrets, with officers and men, and with himself. The officers assembled to bid him an affectionate farewell, and the regimental band serenaded him on the eve of his departure. This noble regiment took the field the following spring with more than 1760 bayonets, and of these brave men, how few, either officers or men, are now surviving!

On the 12th of November, soon after his departure, Colonel Morris issued an order appointing his successor, which was duly made public, and contained the following handsome allusion to the late Adjutant.

"The Colonel commanding while he rejoices at the promotion of Captain Tremain, regrets that it will send him to a new field of duty and sever his connection with this regiment.

"He will bear with him the best wishes of the officers of the regiment for his future welfare and success."

Pursuant to orders, FREDERICK reported for duty to General Davies, then commanding the first brigade in the third division of the cavalry corps. The new field of duty

thus opened to him, was specially suited to his taste and feelings. It was the cavalry service, and the excitement, life and dash of that arm of the service were peculiarly adapted to his ardent and enthusiastic nature. He became devotedly fond of the cavalry service; the remainder of his life was spent in it, and he became more and more interested in and attached to it. An accomplished and veteran officer who knew FREDERICK well, and who had been for nearly a year in the same division with him, remarked to the author recently, "FREDERICK was our beau ideal of a cavalry officer. Brave, generous and chivalrous he attracted our admiration. We were all proud of him. He had no enemy in the corps, and he achieved a reputation for gallantry equal to that of any officer in the army."

When he first joined his new brigade, he found it under marching orders, and skirmishing between it and the enemy occurred within a day or two afterwards, near Raccoon Ford. His thanksgiving dinner was made up of hard tack eaten while the enemy's shells were bursting around him.

Being ever anxious to pass the holidays at home, FREDERICK, this year, as he had done the year preceding, while stationed at Washington, obtained a short leave of absence, and spent Christmas and New Years in Albany. His brief visit, only too short, was the occasion of the most delightful happiness to himself and every member of his father's family.

Soon after his return, and about the 20th of January, he was ordered by General Pleasanton, then commanding the cavalry corps, to leave the brigade with which he was connected, which had another Assistant Adjutant General, and report for duty to the first brigade and second division, which had recently lost its Assistant Adjutant General. He assumed his new position about the middle of January.

This brigade was one of the largest and finest in the army, and was then under the command of Colonel Taylor. It was stationed at Warrenton, a pleasant village in Virginia. In April following, General Davies was placed in command of this brigade. FREDERICK remained with this brigade until his death. In a letter written January 27th, he writes of being pleasantly located, in a fine office, in the centre of the village, which was formerly occupied by a Virginia lawyer and judge, and adds,

"We surround this town with our picket lines, and they are attacked nearly every night by guerillas, which kind of vermin abound in this region."

He writes from time to time, during the winter and in March, about the gay times in the army, several balls having been given, besides racing, sack racing, hurdle racing, a grand St. Patrick's day celebration by the Irish brigade, and he speaks in the highest terms of the officers with whom he was associated. The latter part of March the division received orders to be in readiness for a move, at a moments notice, and he writes, March 21st:

"On Saturday we had a rumor that Stuart had crossed the Rapidan river and was about to make a raid upon the railroad near here. Scouting parties were immediately sent out in pursuit of him, and we only ceased sending them, to-day. I think he found it would not be practicable to go very far through this country just now."

In the month of April commenced those grand movements of the cavalry which have become already historic. From that time, down to his death, the active military career of FREDERICK may be said to have been accomplished. He was an actor in those mighty military movements on which depended the fate of the Nation. He was a soldier of the Republic, in the great army whose tread shook the continent of America, and whose heroic deeds have excited the wonder and admiration of the world.

To the pen of history belongs the noble task of recording the military operations in which he had the honor to participate during the ever memorable campaign of 1864. And yet, when we consider the bloody and obstinate nature of the battles that were fought—the glorious and unconquerable resolution which was displayed in conducting the movements of the Union armies—the immense loss of human life—the masterly combinations of those armies—the vast extent of country which constituted the field of their display—the number of those brilliant raids performed by the cavalry alone, through the heart of an enemy's country, each one constituting an interesting history of itself—the toil, the sacrifices, the fatigue, sufferings and perils to which the heroic soldiers in those armies were continually subjected, and to which, with unflinching fortitude and cheerfulness, they submitted—when we consider, too, the innumerable deeds of personal bravery, performed both by officers and men—the holy and patriotic purposes by which the great body of those armies was prompted—the unselfish willingness they manifested to sacrifice their lives for the preservation of the honor, the integrity, and the unity of their country—and, finally, the glorious and successful results of all these operations, we may well doubt whether history will ever contain more than an outline skeleton of them all.

My allusions to these movements must, necessarily, be brief and imperfect. A few weeks before his death, Frederick, at my request, declared his resolution to prepare, at his first leisure moments, a record of the battles in which he had been engaged, but alas! that leisure never came!

His reports, as Assistant Adjutant General, giving a history of these movements, are not yet accessible to the

public, and I have derived no information from them. He participated in no less than twenty-five battles and skirmishes during a period of ten months. My knowledge of these is derived from his own letters, dashed off in the midst of exciting scenes, from his conversations, and from information cheerfully furnished by cultivated and intelligent army officers, who were associated with him, at different periods of time during the campaign.

On the 22d of April, the Second Cavalry Division, which included the Second Brigade, to which FREDERICK was attached, moved from Warrenton to a place near the Junction, the whole division being under the command of Major General David M. Gregg. Here it remained until the 29th, when it advanced to Paoli Mills, and on the 2d of May moved over to Richardsville.

On the 4th of May the cavalry crossed the Rapidan, in advance of the infantry, and the whole army of the Potomac crossed soon after in pursuance of General Grant's orders. This was the beginning of the general movement of the army, the intelligence of which sent a thrill of excitement throughout the country.

The famous battles of the Wilderness soon followed. These commenced on the 5th, and continued for seven days. They were fought without artillery, under great disadvantages, in the woods, with varied fortunes; and during their continuance were displayed those wonderful qualities of courage and dogged resolution for which General Grant has become so distinguished, and also the bravery and heroism which have covered with glory, the Army of the Potomac. The loss of life was immense, but the rebels were driven from the ground, and our army moved onward in its progress towards the walls of Rich-

mond, and towards the accomplishment of the great object which current events seem so plainly to indicate must ultimately be accomplished.

On the first day of these battles, the cavalry became engaged with the enemy's cavalry and infantry, in the vicinity of Todd's Tavern, near Corbin's Bridge.

Severe fighting was continued by the cavalry for several days. This was the first time FREDERICK was "under fire." His conduct on the occasion excited great admiration. He displayed all the coolness of a veteran. His General, in speaking of his gallantry soon afterwards, remarked, "that he was one of the few men he had seen who did not seem to know the meaning of fear."

On the first day the cavalry were mounted, and the staff officers were much exposed. General Davies and FREDERICK were in front, when the enemy charged in and broke our skirmish line, nearly capturing both of them. This cavalry engagement is known as the battle of Todd's Tavern. It was during the progress of this battle that FREDERICK charged upon the enemy, at the head of a column, breaking through their lines, and cutting his way back to the main army.

In the evening of May 8th, an order was received, commanding the cavalry corps to proceed to Richmond and destroy the communications between Lee's army and that city, and to form a junction with Butler's army. The movement of the entire cavalry corps commanded by General Sheridan, commenced on the morning of the 9th. In the afternoon of that day the enemy attacked the cavalry in the rear, and a severe fight occurred in which the rebels were repulsed with considerable loss. This occurred at a place called Childsburg. The cavalry only took with them on this march rations for four or five days.

On the 10th another attack was made by the enemy, followed up by continued skirmishing and fighting. Our cavalry succeeded, this day, in recapturing from the enemy about 350 prisoners, who had been captured on the second or third day of the fight in the Wilderness. Among them were two colonels and Captain Wood, a son of the Honorable Bradford Wood, of Albany. As may well be supposed, they were delighted with the change in their condition. They were on the point, when retaken, of being placed in the railroad cars at Beaver Dam Station. Some of their guard fled, and the rest were taken prisoners. Our troops, on the same day, captured a large quantity of arms, about a million rations, and destroyed three locomotives besides three trains of cars. The night of the 10th they encamped within twenty miles of Richmond.

In the morning of the 11th, the First Brigade was detached from the main body and sent to destroy the railroad at Ashland Station and the bridge over the South Anna River. At Ashland the contents of a Post Office were seized, and as a school for young ladies was located here, the captured correspondence afforded some amusement to the captors.

Frederick accompanied the brigade, and after destroying the railroad at Ashland, he was sent, with two squadrons of cavalry, (about one hundred men), to destroy the bridge, when he was cut off from the main body of the brigade, and was supposed, for some time, to have been taken prisoner. He continued, however, on another route, destroying the railroad as they proceeded, until late in the afternoon, when he succeeded in rejoining the main column below, much to the satisfaction of his comrades, who had despaired of seeing him and his little force again. The same day a severe fight occurred at Old Tavern, with the enemy's cavalry under the famous Jeb Stewart, who was killed.

That night the corps marched all night, and on the morning of the 12th reached the Chickahominy river, near Meadow's Bridge. Here a terrific battle ensued with the whole of the enemy's cavalry force and infantry, which had been sent out from Richmond. The enemy greatly outnumbered our forces, and, during a considerable portion of the time, our troops were surrounded, and fighting was carried on around four sides of the square where our troops were placed, but, under the command of the indomitable Sheridan, they broke through the enemy's lines, and in the afternoon, General Custer having driven the enemy from the bridge, our forces crossed the Chickahominy, leaving no prisoners in the enemy's hands, except those who were wounded.

In this battle the fragment of a spent shell was hurled against FREDERICK's person, inflicting a pretty severe injury, although he treated it lightly in his letter to his mother describing the raid.

It was during this raid that FREDERICK was sent in advance to place a squadron on picket duty, and they came so near the city of Richmond as to see the lights and the steeples, and to hear the bells of the city. This engagement is known as the battle of Richmond Heights. The enemy did not pursue, and that night the corps bivouacked at a place beyond Mechanicsville. On the night of the 13th the cavalry remained at Bottom's Bridge, and on the 14th moved to Haxall's Landing, on the James river, where our gun boats mistaking the advance guard for the enemy, at first, fired upon them, but on being signalled the firing ceased, and the tired and worn out troops formed the contemplated junction with Butler's army,

Thus terminated one of the most extraordinary raids on record. It will ever retain a place among the most

brilliant achievements of the war. A force of cavalry alone advanced through the heart of Virginia, to the very gates of Richmond, cutting their way through all opposing forces, breaking up the enemy's lines of communication, removing forever all antiquated prejudices against the cavalry, and establishing the efficiency and usefulness of that arm of the service.

The successful accomplishment of this expedition seems more like romance than sober reality. From that hour the rising star of General Sheridan has been in the ascendant, and a grateful people will ever cherish, with gratitude and pride, the recollection of the feats performed by him and his bold raiders of the cavalry corps.

On his arrival at the James river, FREDERICK wrote a letter to his mother, in pencil, giving a graphic account of the raid, which was published at the time in the Evening Journal. In alluding to this publication, afterwards, he wrote with characteristic modesty:

"I am sorry that any of my letters are published. I do not write them for publication, and do not wish them published; I hope that no more will be, for if they are, I shall stop giving any accounts at all."

To return to the cavalry: They lay at the James river two or three days, to recruit the tired horses and men, and then moved back, to rejoin the main army, crossing the Chickahominy by night, at Jones' Ford, and returning by way of the Baltimore Cross Roads and Coal Harbor. Daily skirmishes took place with the rebel cavalry. They then went to the White House, where they obtained supplies and rations, after which they marched back and joined the main army near Hanover Court House, on the 25th, having successfully accomplished all that had been expected.

Immediately afterwards there was a general advance of the army, and the cavalry moved down to Hanover

Town, on the Pamunkey river. After marching two days and one night they met the enemy on the 28th near Haw's Shop, when the most severe and obstinate cavalry fight of the war occurred. It commenced at 10 o'clock in the morning, and continued until six in the afternoon, the fighting on our side being done principally by Gen. Davies' Brigade, assisted towards the close of the battle by Gen. Custer's Brigade, when the enemy were driven from the field, leaving their killed and wounded in possession of our troops.

Although FREDERICK distinguished himself in this battle, as appears by the letter from one of the staff officers, which is published with this memorial, yet, in his letter home he makes no allusion to his own conduct. In a letter written to his father on the 30th, he had, for the first time, evinced some depression of spirits, but in a subsequent one, dated June 3d, he apologizes for it, and gives a brief description of the fight. He writes:

"I was feeling badly then, and the reason was, that on the 28th we lost Lieutenant Wardell, of our staff. He was my tent mate, and for a long time we had slept together and were very intimate, indeed. He was killed instantly while riding at the General's side. The fight of Hanover Town on the 28th is said to have been the most severe cavalry fight of the war. The fighting was done principally by our brigade. We were in about eight hours and lost 25 officers and 168 men, killed and wounded.

"The General was riding a white horse, and went up on to the skirmish line with two staff-officers, two orderlies and one bugler. One staff-officer was killed instantly, the other had his horse killed, and the bugler was also killed. The General's horse was shot through the tail, and a bullet broke his scabbard. It is my duty to be with the General always, unless sent away specially, and fortunately for me, I was so sent to another part of the field, and was looking for the General when this occurred, and in one minute more would have have been in the same place, had I not met him coming out when he stopped me.

"I send a rebel paper. You will see by it that they supposed our whole cavalry force was engaged, together with two corps of infantry, while actually there was only our brigade, assisted for the last three hours by General Custer's brigade, but the brunt of the fighting was done by this brigade.

They say they only had one brigade, but in another part of the paper they admit having several detatchments of other brigades. We know from our prisoners that their whole cavalry force was engaged, together with some mounted infantry. We found on the field, after we had driven them from it, 166 dead rebels, and 40 wounded ones, and as there are usually eight or ten wounded to one killed, their loss must have been immense.

"My horse was shot slightly in the neck. Since then we have had several smaller fights, but I have not time now to mention them."

This battle is known as the battle of Haw's Shop, or Bethesda Church. Between this time and the Gordonsville raid, hereafter mentioned, there was considerable severe fighting around Coal Harbor, at Barker's Mills and on the Chickahominy, in which the cavalry participated. The whole army moved down finally to Bottom's Bridge. Before going to Bottom's Bridge the cavalry had a severe engagement at Sumner's Upper Bridge, and while dismounted held possession of it for some time, and until relieved by the infantry.

We come now to another of those celebrated cavalry raids which have given to General Sheridan and his famous cavalry corps, a national and world-wide reputation.

On the 6th of June the cavalry corps left Newcastle, on the Pamunkey river, and after marching days and nights, with only four hours in the twenty-four devoted to rest, on the 11th met the enemy at Trevillian Station, near Gordonsville, when a severe battle ensued, which continued for two days, the enemy having the advantage of fighting behind breastworks. We captured several hundred prisoners, but finding it impossible to break through their fortifications, our troops retired, and returned by way of Spottsylvania Court House, a circuitous route, to White House, where our wagon train was, consisting of about 900 wagons loaded with supplies for the army. General Grant had meanwhile changed his base of supplies from

White House to James river, leaving the wagon train of the cavalry corps at White House.

The rebels, having the inside line, had also been marching upon White House, hoping to capture this train before the arrival of the cavalry corps, but in this hope they were doomed to disappointment. Our troops arrived a little in advance of the enemy, and on the 21st a sharp fight took place at White House, in which the First Brigade participated, which resulted in driving the enemy from the field, and the occupation of the ground by our victorious troops.

Our trains were forwarded to the army at James river. On the second day's march General Gregg having command of the second division, was detached with his division to cover the right of the column.

About six miles from the main column he met a very heavy force of the enemy's cavalry and infantry at a place called St. Mary's Church, when another sanguinary and hard-fought battle took place, attended with severe loss. This occurred on the 24th of June.

The fighting on our side was conducted by a single division against the enemy's entire corps, our troops and horses being tired and worn out by the Gordonsville raid, as they had been allowed no rest whatever.

In this battle FREDERICK again distinguished himself by his coolness and bravery, having been charged with important and perilous duties, and being exposed under such circumstances that his commanding General afterwards expressed his wonder that any mounted officer could survive. He was charged with the order to bring off the 1st Pennsylvania cavalry, and remained in the field until it had left.

The general description of this stubborn fight is contained in the following letter, written from the field, which was published in a Philadelphia paper and sent to me by FREDERICK :

"About four miles from the road the train was on, General Gregg met the enemy, apparently in heavy force, but as his men and horses were completely worn out he could not stand fight as long as his presence quietly kept the enemy from the train. The enemy seemed to dread our presence, thinking Sheridan's whole corps was before them. They spent the whole day throwing up breastworks and intrenching themselves, until about 2 P. M. They captured a despatch from General Gregg to General Sheridan, from which they learned there was nothing before them but the one division. They, on the contrary, having their entire corps (three divisions), immediately set about to take advantage of our weakness. And then followed the hardest cavalry fight any portion of our corps has ever experienced. As usual the enemy were in thick wood, dismounted. To meet them our force must dismount also. About four P. M. they commenced the attack. Conscious of their superior numbers they pressed on closer and closer, which only effected a shorter range, for our men stood firm upon their first footing. Charge followed charge, made by at least four times the number opposing them, but our steady carbineers hurled them back each time with terrible slaughter.

"Battery A, Second United States Artillery, commanded by Lieutenant Denisen here did splendid execution at short range, kept up a constant stream of fire into their ranks, and met each charge with grape and canister. For two hours the conflict thus raged, our force stubbornly holding them, until by overwhelming numbers they were able to flank us both right and left. The first Maine and first Pennsylvania cavalry, the first Maine commanded by Colonel Smith and Major Cilley, first Pennsylvania by Colonel Taylor and Lieutenant-Colonel Gardner, were the last to leave the field. By the stubborn tenacity of these two regiments our battery was kept upon the field until they had exhausted their ammunition, and then brought safely off. To no two regiments, perhaps, in the corps could this position have been better assigned. The train was now safely passed, and fortunately for it that it was, for at this juncture of affairs General Gregg's divison of cavalry was for the first time in the history of its organization compelled to retire, but in a masterly manner, leaving the field in the hands of the enemy. Many of our men, to the number of one hundred and fifty exhausted by heat, want of water and fatigue of foot, fell into the hands o the enemy. In the many battles in which General Gregg has fought his division, always distinguishing himself by his cool bravery and high-toned

military ability, never has he so covered himself and his command with glory, and so fully established its fighting qualities, as on this occasion. And never perhaps before have we so signally shown the superiority of our cavalry over that of the enemy—one division of ours pitched against their entire corps, and the contest almost equal. To-day we got our train safely to the James, at Wyandotte Landing, where it is rapidly being transported to the south side of the river."

During this battle FREDERICK rode within a very short distance of the enemy's skirmish line, and by discovering their presence, was able to prevent General Gregg from mistaking them for our own troops, and possibly falling into their hands, as the dust by which all the troops were covered had already deceived him.

Soon afterwards the cavalry reached the James river at Pine Oak Landing, and on the 26th FREDERICK wrote a letter, covering four sheets, to his brother, from which I make the following extracts :

"We arrived here about noon yesterday, very tired, very dirty and very ragged, and immediately there commenced a general bathing, and after we were washed our wagons had arrived, and our little American trunks trotted out, and every man came out (that is the General and Staff) with a new suit of clothes and a 'boiled' shirt, and then, for the first time in twelve days, we had a regular meal and time enough to sit down and enjoy it, and enjoy it we did, although you might think it scarcely fit to eat : Some ham, coffee with milk, as we captured a cow yesterday, soft bread, (we have been living on the hardest of the hard tack for twelve or fourteen days) and a few raw onions, composed our dinner—Oh, yes, we had mustard besides, butter we had none, and that 'aint the worst of it. Oh, well, it is jolly any way, and is all for one's country.

"*Dulce est pro patria* etc., you know, and hunger is splendid sauce. That bread tasted better, without butter, than any I remember to have tasted. You see we were ordered to provide ourselves with ten days' supplies, and we did so, expecting that we would be back in that time, and in fact it would have been inconvenient to have carried any more. Well, the joke of the whole affair was, that we were away just twenty days, and traveling through the most poverty-stricken country on the face of the earth, hence no subsisting on the enemy's country and mighty little to eat.

"Well, any way, after that dinner which took place about 4 P.M., the General and Staff laid down to rest, and they rested, and every one of us

slept from about five o'clock yesterday afternoon until this morning, and as a natural consequence of sleeping and resting too long at once, every one's arms and legs ache badly this morning.

"We are now all sitting on the grass in front of a large house, our headquarters, writing letters, with just enough on to cover our nakedness, and that's all, for it is awful hot, and even boiling. The heat for the past week has been almost unendurable, but we could, with an effort, stand it—we were obliged to, as we were in the saddle all the time, and to-day it has reached the culminating point. If it does not rain soon your beloved brother stands a good chance of just vanishing, leaving merely a greasy indication of his former presence on this mundane sphere.

"We are expecting to remain still a few days. Our horses are entirely played out and must have rest and feed and care. I have lost Black Dan I suppose. He was shot at Haw's Shop on the 28th ult., and I am afraid I will have to shoot him, but can't tell yet. I am having him doctored now and must await the result.

* * * * * * * * *

"Here I have written this long letter and scarcely told you anything about the raid. Well, we left Newcastle, on the Pamunkey river, on the 6th, at 4½ A.M., and marched day and night, sleeping about four hours out of the twenty-four for five days. On the 11th about 10 A.M. we met the rebel cavalry corps and licked them like the old boy; fought all that day—stopped at dark. Our brigade was not in much on the 11th, but on the 12th at about six the fighting commenced again, and our brigade was in. We fought all day and drove the enemy out of their breastworks, and about three miles beyond them. This was at or near Gordonsville. Our object in coming up was, I suppose, to stop their cavalry that they were trying to push up to help Imboden, who was fighting Hunter's forces in the Valley of the Shenandoah, but they did not push so much as before, as we did the pushing, and pushed them back to near Richmond.

"Then we started back, having 370 rebel prisoners. We marched day and night until we got to White House, on the 20th, and then we found that the rebels had gone around one way while we had gone another, and both making for the White House, where was our cavalry corps train. We got there a little before they did and crossed over and gave them fight on the 21st, succeeding in driving them, when they made for the Chickahominy. We had no chance of getting anything out of our wagons as we had to send them on, and keep between them and the rebs., and so we marched until the day before yesterday, when the train had got down to this river.

"Our division alone staid out about eight miles from here all the morning, holding the whole rebel cavalry in check, fighting a little now and then during the day until about 4 P.M., when the whole rebel corps of cavalry pitched in and whipped us badly, in fact they just pushed us away by main

force, and we went away splendidly. I never saw such fighting in my life, and General Gregg said he never saw men fight so. They out-numbered us four to one, it was just the hottest place ever you heard of. They charged up to within a few steps of where I stood. Oh! I can't begin to tell you how the bullets did fly. I was ordered to conduct the withdrawal of the last regiment, and I never expected to come out; indeed I bade two or three of the staff officers good bye and started. I got within five steps of the rebel lines, and have a bullet hole in my hat which looks as if I was rather near to them, but I succeeded in retreating with the last regiment in good order. I lost two of my most intimate friends that day, one, a Captain Philips, on General Gregg's Staff; his leg was shot away near the hip. The shot that did it went through his horse before it struck him; he only lived an hour or so, and night before last, I helped bury him in the middle of the night, with no ceremony.

"Oh well, we retreated in good order, and about ten at night slept for three hours, when we were reinforced, and went out yesterday after them but they would not fight, but kept going back, so we having by that time got our trains safe near the main army, stopped here to rest, and here I think I had better stop—to rest."

The "Black Dan" he mentions was a favorite horse which, while owned by Governor Morgan, had attracted his attention and was purchased for his use. In a letter written July 6th, he mourns his death, but adds: "Poor fellow! I was very sorry for him, but consoled myself by thinking that as fine a horse as he was, it was better him than me."

During the months of July and August several severe skirmishes and battles took place, in which his brigade and he participated, viz.: At Reams' Station on the 15th of July; at Malvern Hill on the 28th of July; at Lee's Mills July 31st; at Gravel Hill on the 14th, 16th and 17th days of August, and again at Reams' Station on the 21st, 22d, 23d and 25th days of August.

On one of these occasions, General Davies being absent on sick leave, and the brigade under the command of Col. Steadman, FREDERICK had been ordered to the hospital on account of his health, and was being carried in an ambulance. Hearing the firing of the guns he left the

ambulance and came to the nearest body of troops, which proved to be the 10th New York Cavalry; and here took an active part in the battle, firing with his own hand, cheering the men, and exposing his person to the enemy's fire. His conduct excited the enthusiastic admiration of the men in the regiment, and aided in preparing them to give him the warm welcome which he subsequently received from them when he became the Lieutenant-Colonel of that regiment. On being spoken to on the subject he remarked, that in the absence of the General he felt that a peculiar responsibility rested on the members of the staff; that he knew the eyes of the army were on the second brigade, which occupied an advanced position, and had acquired a fine reputation, and that he regarded his own honor as identified with that of the brigade.

The battle at Reams' Station, the latter part of August was a sanguinary affair, and FREDERICK was then brought alongside of his old regiment, the 7th New York Artillery. I learn from Captain O'Brien, that FREDERICK volunteered to deliver an important message to the officer commanding a battery, which was done under a heavy fire.

He never returned to the hospital, but his health was so much impaired that nothing but his indomitable resolution enabled him to keep his saddle. In a letter to his father dated August 31st, he alludes in terms of warm admiration to the conduct of the old 7th at Reams' Station; naming several former comrades belonging to it who were killed, and others taken prisoners; mentions that the conduct of his own brigade had received much credit in Gen. Hancock's official reports; remarks that there had been considerable fighting for the Weldon Railroad, in nearly all of which he had the honor to participate, and thus alludes to his own health:

"You can have no idea of the excessive fatigue to which we have been subjected this month, and especially for an A. A. G. I do not want to take a sick leave unless I am actually obliged to, for it is not considered very honorable to leave the field upon the plea of sickness, when one is only about half sick. There are so many shoulder-strapped individuals that are hiding under the shadow of a surgeon's certificate, that I don't want to be ranked among that class."

In a letter to his sister dated September 3d, he says:

"Since writing to father, three days ago, we have marched nearly 40 miles, and have had quite a hard fight—I fortunately escaped. We lost quite severely, and this morning we returned and camped in nearly the same place from which I wrote father. We cannot tell how long we will be allowed to remain quiet; indeed since July 25th we have not been forty-eight hours in one place, and as you may easily imagine, we have had but little time to write, while the wear, tear and fatigue have been terrible. I have been so tired at times that I would go to sleep on horseback. Only last night I was so much worn out that I laid down under a tree and went sound asleep while it was raining, and I had not a thing over me. I could not help it.

"I write and tell you this, Nellie, so that you can have some slight idea of the reasons for my not writing you in answer to your letters promptly, and not because I am complaining at all.

"When we do get a chance to stop any where I have a great many written reports to make, and cannot neglect them, and after they are done I am so tired that I generally try and go to sleep, for a little while, and letter writing becomes next to an impossibility. I am not very well, but am on duty, and shall remain so as long as I am able.

"I was very sorry to hear of G's sickness, and glad to learn he was getting better. He should congratulate himself that he was where he could be taken care of—here, when one gets sick he gets very litle care I assure you. They do the best they can, of course, but a tent, and the ground make but an indifferent sick room and bed.

"We have had some very hard fighting over this Weldon Railroad, and you can congratulate yourself that you still have a brother in the army. I have several times made up my mind that you would not have long, but I have been so far spared. I have not written you, Nellie, about anything else than myself, but I know that I am the one that you want to hear about and so shall offer no excuse."

Frederick's duties as Assistant Adjutant General were congenial to his tastes, and adapted to his capacity, but yet they had been exceedingly arduous and laborious. He

was chief of the brigade staff. His labors during a march commenced early and continued late. He thus explains them in a condensed form, in answer to my inquiry on the subject:

"To attend to all the details of a movement; in battle, to remain with the General, and if any orders are given, to give them to the aids for the regimental commanders, or whomsoever they may concern; to watch the lines, and whenever, in my opinion, an advantage can be gained, to show it to the General, if he has not already perceived it, and if the aids are all away on duty, and an important order is issued, to carry it myself and see that it is obeyed; sometimes to push on one flank of the skirmish line while the General is pushing on another, and in every way to watch the effect of movements ordered, and in fact, to be an assistant to the General, (on the field an order from me is the same as one from him), and after a fight to camp the several regiments, to see, personally, that a proper picket line is thrown out, to make official reports of operations, and returns of killed, wounded and missing, damage done, &c., &c."

Upon receiving the letters of August 31st and Sept. 3d, the author applied directly to the Secretary of War for a brief leave of absence, which, having been promptly granted, FREDERICK made a short but delightful visit to his home in September. Recovering his health and strength he rejoined the army in time to participate in the battle of Davis Farm, on the Vaughn Road, on the 1st of October.

For an account of his gallant bearing on that occasion I refer to the letter from Major Thomas, who served on the same staff. A description of this brilliant affair was given in the New York Herald. The first brigade were dismounted, and bravely resisted an attack by an enemy largely outnumbering them, and then, with a gallant charge, routed and drove them from the field.

He also participated in the first battle of Hatcher's Run, on the 26th of November, and in the movement in the latter part of November, by which General Gregg and his division advanced to Stoney Creek, destroying the bridge

and several pieces of artillery, capturing prisoners and successfully accomplishing the object of the advance.

On the 6th of December orders were received for the cavalry to move at three o'clock the next morning, with six days rations. The movement was made when the weather was very cold, and on the 9th a severe engagement took place at Bellfield. Major Sargeant of the 1st Massachusetts Cavalry was shot while riding by the side of FREDERICK during the fight, an event which produced a serious impression upon his mind. It is understood that the movement was eminently successful.

A full account of this affair was given in the Herald, written by its army correspondent. In the official report of the movement FREDERICK had the honor of being mentioned as "having behaved with the greatest gallantry and zeal, and having contributed greatly to the success of the brigade by valuable service."

The time was now approaching for severing his official connection, as Assistant Adjutant General, with General Davies and his brigade staff—a relation cemented by their common sufferings, perils and glories. A vacancy had occurred in the Colonelcy of the 10th New York Cavalry, by the withdrawal from that position of Colonel Irvine, the present accomplished and patriotic Adjutant General of New York. Lieutenant-Colonel Avery, being about to be promoted to fill the vacancy, tendered the position of Lieutenant-Colonel to FREDERICK. Colonel Avery had become well acquainted with FREDERICK while he was Assistant Adjutant General. Gen. Irvine informs me that Gen. Gregg also advised the selection of FREDERICK, as it would be an acquisition to the regiment.

Having ascertained that all the officers of the regiment were in favor of his appointment, he resolved to accept the

position, and without delay commissions were issued by his Excellency Governor Seymour, for Colonel Avery and Lieutenant-Colonel Tremain, but a brief delay in mustering in became necessary to enable the regiment to become recruited to the requisite number for mustering in the new officers.

This position was peculiarly agreeable to FREDERICK. It was placing him in the line of promotion in the cavalry service, and in his old brigade, where he was so well acquainted with officers and men. Colonel Avery, although a veteran in service, having been in more than sixty battles and skirmishes, was young in years, and both being influenced by similar tastes, ambitions and patriotic purposes, a strong attachment existed between them. His brother having written from Union College a congratulatory letter on his appointment, FREDERICK replies :

"I am, of course, much obliged to you for your congratulations, but must correct some of your ideas. It requires more courage and secures less reputation generally to be an active and useful staff-officer of a brigade, than to command a regiment. A staff-officer is in every engagement, while a regiment may, in some battles, be held in reserve. At times when the officers and men of regiments are fighting on foot, a staff-officer has to carry orders to them mounted. thereby exposing himself much more than it is possible for a lieutenant-colonel to do.

"The difference is, that a staff-officer is only an adjutant or assistant, while a commanding officer shares, and almost, in fact, monopolizes the reputation that his staff-officers and men have won.

"Your congratulations are premature also, as I am not a lieutenant-colonel until I am mustered into the United States service. * * * Now that I suppose you have got over the temporary exultation, please do not mention the affair any more until I am a lieutenat-colonel, and am entitled to the uniform, *and then I hope to make myself a name that you need not be afraid to speak of, whether I shall be numbered among the living, or as one of the fallen.*

"Remember me to all the young ladies, but remember me to them, for the present, as *Captain* Tremain."

Frederick having resigned the office of Assistant Adjutant General seized the occasion to pay a holiday visit to his home. He arrived the evening before New Year's, and passed a few weeks there in a visit which will be cherished during life by every member of the family, among their most treasured recollections.

It was a subject of general remark that he had become much matured by his experience in the army. While cheerful and hopeful, he was yet grave and thoughtful and fully impressed with the duties and responsibilities of his position.

He returned to the army full of high hopes and expectations. Fort Fisher had fallen; Thomas had achieved his great victory over Hood; Sherman was advancing in triumph, and he confidently believed that the end of the rebellion was at hand.

On his return he met at Washington, in the Invalid Corps, an old comrade of the 7th, and true to his nature, which led him to promote the welfare of others, he wrote a letter of introduction for him invoking the author's kind offices in his behalf. This was the last letter I ever received from him directed to me, and I give it as a fair revelation of the kindness of his character.

"My Dear Father.—I have the honor to introduce to you Lieutenant ——, formerly of the 7th New York Artillery, and now of the Invalid Corps. He was wounded in front of Petersburgh in the famous charge of June 16th, of the 7th New York Artillery. The shell that struck him carried away the left eye, and exposed the brain slightly, so that he can hardly do night duty. He, therefore, wishes to be ordered on duty somewhere in New York State where he can still *do duty*, but, if possible, to some place where he can *sleep* at night, as the loss of sleep gives him terrible pains in the head on account of the exposure of the brain.

"He is a gallant officer, and has won for himself a Lieutenancy from the ranks as a private, and deserves all the favors that loyal men are able to grant him.

"If you in any way can assist him in the accomplishment of his object, you will be only rendering a gallant soldier what is justly due him.

"Your affectionate son,

"F. L. TREMAIN, Lt. Col. 10th N. Y. Cavalry.

"JANUARY 27th, 1865."

When he joined the 10th, and had been mustered in as Lieutenant-Colonel, he wrote a letter to his mother expressing his pleasure at his reception by his new regiment and his gratification in being put in charge of an officer's school for instruction in military tactics, which letter came to hand on the day he received his fatal wound. I learn that his home and his pleasant visit were the theme of his constant conversation among his intimate friends. He was kind and affectionate in his nature, and was devotedly attached to every member of his father's family. "Sir," said his tent-mate to the author, "I felt well acquainted with every member of your family from FRED.'s description and frequent conversation."

On the 7th of February, while engaged in court, I received from Major Pease the following telegram. "Feb. 6th.—FRED. was seriously wounded to-day. It is thought not dangerously."

The next train carried from Albany, on their way to him, his mother, Dr. Pomfret, (who cheerfully consented to go although he was home on leave) and the author. We arrived in Washington the next evening, and immediately, through the War Department, opened a telegraphic communication with General Meade's headquarters. The first answer was encouraging, but alas! the next brought the fatal intelligence that Lieutenant-Colonel Tremain died the same evening (the 8th) at City Point Hospital, that his remains would be embalmed, and forwarded north immediately.

Here let me draw a veil over what follows. The agony of spirit, the bewildering effects of such a sudden and unexpected blow, the crushing out of hopes, the bitterness of disappointment, the terrible reflection that we should never see him alive, the extinguishment of light, and the darkness and clouds that intervened, can be known or appreciated only by those doting parents who have passed through a similar furnace of affliction !

The circumstances attending his death may be soon related. The movement which resulted in the battle of Hatcher's Run was a general advance of the whole division on the morning of February 5th, pursuant to orders. They were on the march all that day, and early the next morning, while the brigade were preparing for breakfast, the enemy broke in upon them, and a battle ensued which continued all day.

About 2 P. M., while near Dabney's Mills, FREDERICK was leading his troops on the extreme left, in the skirmish line, and was about to make a charge, the cavalry being dismounted, when, General Davies having been wounded, Colonel Avery was called to command the brigade and had sent a mounted officer to notify FREDERICK that the command of the regiment had devolved upon him. While FREDERICK had turned around, partly, and was conversing with the messenger, he received the fatal wound from a Minie ball in his hip.

He left the field accompanied by two men, meeting on his way Colonel Avery who describes him as looking pale, and having a smile on his face. In the ambulance, he was overtaken by his colored servant, and said to him, cheerfully, that they would soon visit Albany again. He, also, at the same moment, recognized his cousin, Major H. E. Tremain, of General Gregg's staff, while he was riding by

with an important order from the general for reinforcements, hailed him, remarking that he was hit, perhaps seriously but he thought not dangerously, and then urged him to go on in the performance of his duty.

He walked into the field hospital, where General Davies met him, placed him upon a bed in a room by himself, and gave him some stimulants and a cigar. The surgeons extracted the ball that evening, and pronounced it troublesome only, but not dangerous. He was visited there by Major Pease, Major Tremain and others, who, relying on the surgeon's report, left him without serious apprehensions. The next day he was sent to City Point Hospital, fifteen or twenty miles, where he arrived, cold and exhausted, attended by his servant.

He was in much pain, and not inclined to converse. The following day, the 8th, alarming symptoms appeared. He continued perfectly conscious, made his arrangements to leave for home, but was not made aware of the fact that his life was in danger, and about five o'clock, just as his servant had given him some water, he died, without a murmur or complaint having escaped his lips.

A post-mortem examination revealed the fact that the wound was necessarily mortal, from the first. The ball, after performing its course, had fallen back, and its location had deceived the surgeons who extracted it, and who supposed it merely a flesh wound.

The intelligence of his death spread a deep gloom over his entire brigade, officers and men. A meeting of the brigade officers, (a rare compliment in the army,) was called and attended by every officer not absent on duty, at which the accompanying excellent resolutions were adopted.

The remains were accompanied from City Point by Colonel Avery, Major Tremain and Dr. Clark. His countenance appeared natural and life-like.

A military funeral took place on the 16th of February, with honors suitable to his rank, under the charge of the 10th New York, commanded by Colonel Chamberlain, the Cadet Zouave Co. A acting as an escort. Everything that affectionate sympathy could do to render honor to his memory was done by his countrymen and countrywomen. Flowers were sent in bountiful profusion from numerous male and female friends, and these were, by fair and tasteful hands, beautifully arranged in the form of crosses, wreaths, a trumpet and crown, while the coffin was festooned and covered with them in tropical abundance.

After appropriate religious services had been performed at the author's residence, the public funeral took place at St. Peter's Church, the Rev. Wm. Wilson and the Rev. Wm. Tatlock officiating. His Excellency, Gov. Fenton, accompanied by his staff in full uniform, honored the funeral with his presence. The names of the military and civil bearers who attended will be recognized as among the noblest youth in Albany. Sweet and solemn music by the choir filled the church. The citizens of Albany turned out, en masse, filling the spacious church and the streets, for long distances. A large concourse followed the remains to the cemetery, where, after the soldiers had fired appropriate volleys over his coffin, it was consigned to the vault.

Thus lived and died my brave boy, around whom, for twenty-one years, had clustered my cares, my anxieties, my hopes and my affections!

No longer can we look forward with inexpressible joy to the termination of this war, as an event which will bring back, in safety and honor, the soldier we have furnished!

The sound of carbines and artillery can no more reach him! Henceforth, we must be content to gaze on yonder mute memorials, his belt and sash, his spurs and sword, and other precious relics, and to feed on the memory of his virtues, his patriotism, and the noble record he achieved! He died young; but how many of us who survive have done more for our country and for humanity than he?

My work is ended. I believe this little history to be wholly free from coloring, but if parental fondness has deceived me in this belief, the offence, I am sure, is pardonable.

And now, may Almighty God, our Heavenly Father, grant that this great sacrifice, although not "now joyous but grievous may work out the peaceable fruits of righteousness,"—that the blood of this young martyr may aid in infusing fresh life into our free institutions;—that this rebellion may be overthrown, so certainly and effectually, that in all future time, no second attempt will be made by wicked men to destroy our Union by treasonable force;—and may He hasten the day when the necessity for such sacrifices of life shall cease, and our NATIONAL UNITY shall become established on immutable and eternal foundations.

RESOLUTIONS

AND OTHER TESTIMONIALS.

HEADQUARTERS 1st BRIGADE, 2d CAV. DIVISION,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
February 10, 1865.

At a meeting of the officers of the 1st Brigade, 2d Cav. Division, called together on account of the death of Lieutenant Colonel F. L. TREMAIN, 10th New York Cavalry, of which Colonel M. H. AVERY was President, and Captain T. C. LEBO was Secretary, a committee was appointed of the following named officers, viz:

Lieut. Colonel W. C. NEWBURY, 24th New York Cavalry,
Major JOHN TEWKSBURY, 1st Massachusetts Cavalry,
Major J. H. HART, 1st New Jersey Cavalry,
Major H. S. THOMAS, 1st Pennsylvania Cavalry,
Bt. Major W. H. DENNISON, 2d New York Artillery,
Captain JAMES M. REYNOLDS, 10th New York Cavalry,

to prepare the following resolutions, which were unanimously adopted by the meeting, and the Secretary directed to furnish a copy to the family of the deceased, the New York papers and the Albany Evening Journal.

It was further resolved, that the usual badge of mourning should be worn on the left arm for thirty days as a mark of respect for the memory of the deceased.

Whereas, Lieut. Colonel F. L. TREMAIN, 10th New York Cavalry, and formerly Assistant Adjutant General, attached to this brigade, died on the 8th day of February, inst., of wounds received a few days previous while leading his command against the enemy, at the battle of Hatcher's Run, Va., and

Whereas, In the death of this gallant soldier his regiment and brigade have suffered a loss of unusual severity, therefore, as the sense of the surviving officers of the brigade, be it

Resolved, That in the purity of his life and character, in his unselfish patriotism, his courteous bearing, his manly courage, his earnestness of purpose, and high endeavors, which gave promise of a sure and glorious fulfillment, our departed brother officer was a shining example to us all.

Resolved, That while we cannot forget the great loss sustained by his friends, his country, and the army, we cannot but look upon his death as another glorious sacrifice to the cause of Liberty and Union, and congratulate his bereaved family that he died with his face to the foe, bravely fighting against treason and disunion.

Resolved, That it is with unspeakable sadness we acknowledge, that for the bright spirit that has left us, for his loved ones at home, for his country and his friends, we have nothing to offer now but the unavailing tribute of this last mournful farewell.

M. H. AVERY, Col. 10th N. Y. Cavalry,
President.

T. C. LEBO, Capt. and A. A. A. G.,
Secretary.

ARMORY ALBANY ZOUAVE CADETS,
"A" COMPANY, 10th REGIMENT N. G. S. N. Y.

At a meeting of this company, held at their rooms on Monday evening, February 13, 1865, Captain LIONELL U. LENOX presiding, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Upon the altar of our common country, and in the defence of her constitutional rights, a noble life has been offered; in the vigor and freshness of youth it has been accepted. In remembrance then of the patriotism which characterized that sacrifice, it is fitting that the departed hero should receive from us, his former companions, the earliest recognition which true valor deserves from all; therefore it is

Resolved, That the Albany Zouave Cadets have learned with the deepest sorrow, of the death of FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, Lieutenant Colonel of the Tenth New York Cavalry. As a member of this company, we point with pride to his career as a soldier; his genial and manly qualities as a citizen. The recollection of his modest bearing and sincere friendship as an associate; his love for his country as a patriot, and his bravery and efficiency as an officer, are virtues around which our memories will love to linger.

Resolved, That we tender our most heartfelt sympathies to the family and relatives of our deceased brother, and though this sad event calls forth

their deepest grief, the noble cause for which he yielded up his youthful life, we trust may prove a solace in their affliction, and that the sustaining grace of our common Father may comfort their broken hearts.

Resolved, That as a deserved tribute of respect to his memory we will attend the funeral obsequies of our departed associate as a company, wearing the usual badge of mourning.

Resolved, That an engrossed copy of these resolutioes be tendered to the family of the deceased, that a copy be also forwarded to the officers of his regiment, and that they be published in the daily papers of our city.

LIONELL U. LENOX, Captain.

A. McRoberts, 1st Serg't.

At a Special Meeting of the Xi Charge of Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, at Hobart College, the following resolutions were adopted :

Whereas, The Xi Charge of our beloved Theta Delta Chi having received the intelligence of the death of our affectionate and esteemed brother, Lieut. Colonel Frederick L. Tremain ; therefore be it

Resolved, That while deeply deploring his untimely end, we submissively bow to the decree of the Divine Will, confidently trusting that our temporary loss is his eternal gain.

Resolved, That we regard the removal from our midst of one so young, so generous, so noble hearted, cut down as he was in the vigor of manhood and in the full tide of a brilliant career, with the deepest sorrow and most poignant regret.

Resolved, That in the removal from our cherished circle of Col. Tremain, not only does our Fraternity lose a most valuable member and earnest supporter, but the country has lost a bright ornament that shone with conspicuous lustre.

Resolved, That we shall ever cherish his memory as a man of exalted character, and as a generous and reliable friend, who had endeared himself to us all by his manly conduct and unwavering devotion to our mutual interests.

Resolved, That to the afflicted family of the deceased we tender our most profound and heartfelt sympathies in this sore bereavement.

Resolved, That our badges be draped in mourning for the requisite period, and that a copy of these resolutions be sent to the family of the deceased, and be published in the public journals.

CHARLES C. BURNS,
GEORGE E. PRITCHETT,
AUGUSTUS C. MEANS,
Committee.

At a meeting of the resident members of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, held on the 15th inst., at the city of Albany, on motion Major George Pomeroy, U. S. A., was called to the Chair, and Clarence T. Jenkins was appointed Secretary. On motion of Thos. Simons, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Whereas, We have learned with the deepest regret of the death of our brother, Frederick L. Tremain, of wounds received in the discharge of his duty on the field of battle, and desiring to express our admiration of his brief but brilliant military career, our appreciation of the noble qualities of mind and heart which distinguished him as a companion and friend, and our heartfelt sympathy with those who are called upon to mourn his loss, in still nearer and dearer relations:

Resolved, That it becomes our fraternity, being mindful of his worth to us in life, and of the bright example of his death, to add its tribute of respect and affection for the memory of our departed friend. It is well indeed for us that we have this consolation in our sorrow, that his life was not spent in vain, for though we cannot but feel the blow that has stricken him from our number, it is with mournful pride that we shall yet answer for him, "Dead on the field of honor."

"Oh, fallen in manhood's fairest morn,
We will remember 'mid our sighs,
He never yields his life too soon
For country and for right who dies."

Resolved, therefore, That the badge of our fraternity be draped in mourning for thirty days; that a copy of these resolutions be presented to the family of the deceased, and other copies be furnished for publication and for transmission to the several chapters of our fraternity.

GEORGE POMEROY, Chairman.

Clarence T. Jenkins, Secretary.

At a meeting of the members of Xi Charge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, resident in Washington City, the following preamble and resolutions were unanimously adopted, viz:

Whereas, It has pleased Almighty God in his infinite wisdom, to remove from us our beloved brother, Frederick Lyman Tremain, Lieut. Colonel of the 10th N. Y. Cavalry who fell mortally wounded, while gallantly rallying his men at Hatcher's Run, on Monday, February 6, 1865; therefore

Be it resolved, That in the death of Colonel Tremain the country has lost a noble defender and gallant soldier, and this fraternity an honest and

faithful member whose generous and genial nature endeared him to all his brethren, and while, with humble reverence, we bow before the mandates of an all-wise Providence, we can but deeply lament the loss we have sustained.

Resolved, That while in this sudden and irretrievable calamity we recognize how cold and unavailing must be all human sympathy, we tender to his bereaved family our heartfelt condolence in this our common affliction, and trust that the remembrance of his noble deeds and gallant death may be permitted in some degree to soothe the intensity of our grief.

Resolved, That the badge of our fraternity be draped in mourning for the customary period, and that a copy of these resolutions be forwarded to the family of the deceased.

M. C. ADDOMS, Class of 1862,
P. C. GILBERT, Class of 1862,
E. O. GRAVES, Class of 1864,
Committee.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 13, 1865.

Washington, D. C., Feb. 16, 1865.

Honored Sir : We have the honor to enclose herewith a copy of resolutions in regard to the death of your lamented son Frederick, adopted at a meeting of his brethern in the Xi Charge of the Theta Delta Chi Fraternity, resident in this city. We trust you will excuse this intrusion on your grief, when you remember that we were poor Fred's intimate friends, and at one time daily companions, and that the calamity which has cast so deep a gloom over your household has saddened many other hearts, bound to his by fraternal ties—less sacred only than those of relationship. Yet even at such a time as this, it gives us a sad pleasure to bear testimony to his many virtues, the gentleness, geniality and generosity of a nature that seemed completely happy only when it had secured the complete happiness of those around it. We were most intimate with him in his college days and sadly recall him as a noble, amiable and light-hearted friend and companion, whose worst faults were an excess of generosity and boyish spirits, failings that might truly be said to "lean to virtue's side." He was first in every enterprise of daring or merriment, and the life of every social gathering. Noble youth ! True even in death to the

character of his life, falling foremost in the fray, where the blows fell fastest and the strife was hottest, he has gone on high to add another heroic spirit to the sainted band of freedom's martyrs!

With great respect,

Your obedient servants,

M. C. ADDOMS,
E. O. GRAVES.

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN,
Albany, N. Y.

AN extract from the proceedings of the Albany Soldiers' Relief Society:

That besieging army lying at the gates of Richmond is but gathering its energies for another desperate struggle for the occupancy of that city. When the struggle comes, how broad will be the field of labor which will open to us! Already the heavy shadow of that impending conflict has fallen in our midst, and that ardent young spirit, which went out from us so lately, instinct with life and hope, comes back to us to-day a dead hero, enshrined forever in his country's heart.

Albany is indeed rich in her historic roll of heroes; let her be rich also in her record of those humbler services of patriotism that are within the reach of us all.

By order of the Executive Committee.

Mrs. REUBEN E. FENTON, Pres't.

THE LATE LIEUT. COLONEL TREMAIN.

GENERAL HEADQUARTERS, STATE OF NEW YORK,
ADJ. GENERAL'S OFFICE, ALBANY, Feb. 16, 1865.

SPECIAL ORDERS, No. 62.

In compliment to the high character and gallantry of Lieutenant Colonel FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, Tenth Regiment of Cavalry, New York State Volunteers, who died of a wound received in the late battle of Hatcher's Run, Va., His Excellency Governor FENTON, with his Staff, will attend the funeral of the deceased, to take place at St. Peter's Church, in this city, on the 16th day of February, instant at 3 o'clock P. M.

By order of the Commander-in-Chief.

WM. IRVINE, Adjutant General.

General Orders, No. 1.

Headquarters 10th Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y.
Albany, February 15, 1865.

I. Commandants of Companies are hereby directed to assemble their commands at their respective Armories on Thursday, February 16th, at 1½ o'clock P. M.

II. The Commandants will report with their companies in Regulation Uniform and Overcoats to Lieut. E. H. Merriihew, Acting Adjutant, on Pearl street, opposite Regimental Headquarters, promptly at 2:45 o'clock, for the purpose of attending the funeral of the late gallant Lieutenant Colonel Frederick L. Tremain, who so nobly devoted a life, bright with hope and full of promise, to the cause and service of our common country.

III. Lieut. Col. D. M. Woodhall will take command of the Parade.

By order of

Col. FRANK CHAMBERLAIN.

E. H. Merriihew, Lieut. and Acting Adj't.

EXPRESSIONS OF THE PUBLIC PRESS.

From the Albany Evening Journal.

DEATH OF LIEUT. COL. FREDERICK L. TREMAIN.

ANOTHER of our noble youth has fallen a sacrifice to this "cruel war." Another household has been invaded, and other hearts have been made desolate. Lieut. Colonel FREDERICK L. TREMAIN died at City Point on Wednesday, of the wounds which he received in the advance upon Hatcher's Run, near Petersburg, on Sunday last. The first report of his wound foreshadowed this result, but a subsequent despatch gave hope that he might survive. This hope was not realized. After three days of suffering, his young life went out, and with it the brightest light of a once happy but now saddened family circle. We know that in such an hour of terrible sorrow, human sympathy, however heartfelt and sincere, can do but little toward assauging the bitterness of parental grief. But this sympathy is all that those who knew and loved the brave boy, can proffer those whose hearts have been crushed by this sad bereavement. They must look elsewhere for that "comfort wherewith they are comforted," who recognize in every dispensation, the hand of One who "doeth all things well," and who alone can give the oil of joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heavyness."

Col. TREMAIN went to the field in the fall of 1862, as Adjutant of the Seventh Volunteer Artillery. Not relishing the monotony and inactivity of garrison life—to which duty the regiment was assigned—he sought and obtained a transfer, and was detailed to Staff service in the field, with Gen. GREGG, in the cavalry corps of

Gen. SHERIDAN. And here he found abundant opportunity for the display of his high soldierly qualities. He was foremost in every battle in which that corps engaged, and which has rendered it and its heroic leaders famous in the annals of the war. He was in that ever memorable ride from the Rapidan to the James, during which a score of battles were fought, millions of the enemy's property destroyed, the outer fortifications of Richmond entered, and prodigies of valor displayed by every member of the heroic band. On the James, he joined in most of the cavalry reconnoisances and raids which have passed into history as among the most dramatic of the war, and fell while engaged in driving back the Rebel force which attempted to check the resistless progress of our troops.

Colonel TREMAIN was a young man to be admired and loved. He combined, with a noble presence, winning manners and attractive social qualities. As a soldier he was prompt and fearless. He was a brave rider, and coveted nothing so much as perilous adventure. He early attracted the attention of his superior officers by his manly bearing and gallant deeds, and earned his several promotions by his heroic achievements.

It is only a few days since he left home, after a brief furlough, with his commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the Tenth Cavalry. He had not had time to formally enter upon his new duties when he fell. It is sad to follow to the tomb one so young, and whose future was so full of promise. But his memory will ever be gratefully revered, and his name will live, through all coming time, as that of one who gave his young life for his beloved country.

Although the deceased had been nearly three years in the service, and had attained to the distinction of a Lieutenant Colonel, he was but a few months past twenty-one years of age. He was born in Greene county, and graduated at Geneva College in 1862. His father, Judge LYMAN TREMAIN, left for City Point last Monday evening, but he could not have reached that place in time to close the eyes of his brave boy. This will add to the poignancy of his sorrow, and intensify the sympathy which his fellow citizens feel for the family in this dark hour of their sad bereavement.

From the Atlas and Argus.

DEATH OF LIEUT. COLONEL TREMAIN.

We, in common with all our citizens, were made sad by the announcement of the death of this brave officer. He was wounded while in the discharge of his dangerous duty in the advance upon Hatcher's Run, near Petersburg, last Sunday, and although an encouraging report had been sent on to his relatives and friends here, there was reason to fear from the first that it would prove fatal.

Colonel TREMAIN joined the service in 1862, as Adjutant of the Seventh Volunteer Artillery, one of the best and largest Regiments sent from Albany. It was assigned to duty in the Forts near Washington, but in the course of a few months Colonel TREMAIN, anxious for a more active military life, sought and obtained a position on the Staff of General GREGG, in the cavalry corps of Major General SHERIDAN. Educated, young and chivalrous, he speedily won the confidence of his superiors, and promotion soon followed the development of the soldierly accomplishments which distinguished him in the many battles in which he participated. No better evidence of his merits as a soldier need be cited than the fact that he earned the rank of Lieut. Colonel at the early age of twenty-one. The history of this war, participated in by so many of the youth of the country, and offering unprecedented opportunities for promotion, affords but few instances of one so young attaining this distinction.

There is added another bright name to the long list of gallant young Albanians who have been lost in the war.

From the Albany Morning Express.

DEATH OF LIEUT. COLONEL TREMAIN.

We were pained to learn at a late hour last evening of the death of Lieut. Colonel FREDERICK L. TREMAIN. The sad event occurred at the City Point Hospital day before yesterday. Upon the first intelligence that he was wounded in the battle of last Monday, his father, Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, went on to see him, but he

had only arrived at Washington when the sorrowful intelligence of death filled the cup of his anguish. The first report of the wound represented it as serious, but the hearts of the gallant young officer's friends became more buoyant when, a day later, more favorable intelligence was received, and now the fatal blow falls upon them with appalling effect.

Colonel TREMAIN was young in years to hold so high a position; but though youthful in appearance he was distinguished for manly attributes. Entering the service as Adjutant of the 7th Artillery Regiment, he rose to the rank which he held at his death. He was kind, genial and brave, beloved by all who knew him, endeared alike to officers and men. Animated and vivacious, gifted with social virtues and a culture rare in one so young, he was a delightful companion and a true friend. As a soldier, his rapid promotion is the best evidence of his zeal and patriotic pride in the performance of his duty. The bitterness of death is partially assauged by the consciousness that he nobly died in the service of his country. He acted honorably his part in that service, and has left it only to embark upon that illimitable sea on which

> Ships are drifting with their dead,
> To shores where all is dumb.

From the Albany Knickerbocker.

DEATH OF LIEUT. COLONEL TREMAIN.

The death of this young and gallant officer makes the fifth who had served on the staff of Colonel MORRIS, of the 7th Artillery, while he was in command of a brigade. Colonel TREMAIN went out as Adjutant of the 113th Regiment, which was afterwards changed to the 7th Artillery, and acted as Acting Assistant Adjutant General on the staff of Colonel MORRIS about eighteen months, when he was promoted to Captain on the staff of General DAVIES, commanding a brigade of cavalry then under the gallant KILPATRICK. He joined his brigade just in time to participate in the affair at Mine Run, in the latter part of November, 1863. This was the hardest and severest march the Army of the Potomac ever underwent. The cold was so intense that our pickets were frozen

on their posts, and for four days the officers scarcely tasted food. Colonel TREMAIN stood this hard task equal to an old veteran. He went through all the perils and glories of General SHERIDAN'S cavalry raid which was made on Richmond last spring. Colonel TREMAIN participated in every fight and skirmish which the cavalry took part in from the time he was assigned to the staff of General DAVIES till he was killed. Last December he was promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th New York Cavalry, and at the time he was wounded was in command of his regiment. No young man was more thoroughly posted or studied harder to acquaint himself in military knowledge than Colonel TREMAIN. He was at home in the saddle, and of all the perils of a soldier's life this was what he most coveted. As a soldier he was prompt and fearless, and in his death the cavalry loses an experienced, brave and skillful officer, and a large circle of relatives and friends are bereaved of one of whom they were justly proud. His funeral will take place to-morrow afternoon at 3 o'clock, from the residence of his father, on State street above the Capitol, on which occasion the remains will be escorted by the 10th Regiment, Colonel CHAMBERLAIN.

A Correspondent in the New York Times.

LIEUT. COLONEL TREMAIN.

Among the killed at the battle of Hatcher's Run, last week, was FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, eldest son of Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, of Albany, and at the time of his death Lieutenant Colonel of the Tenth New York Cavalry. He was born in Greene County, in this State, in June, 1843. His character as a boy was distinguished by those qualities of generosity, firmness and courage that marked him as a man, and endeared him to all who knew him. After careful preparation at the school of Dr. REED, at Geneva, in the fall of 1860 he entered Hobart College, with the highest hopes and the highest prospects. There he remained until the summer of 1862, when, unable longer to resist the promptings of patriotism, he was made Adjutant of the Seventh Regiment of New York Heavy Artillery. He accompanied the regiment to

Washington, where, much to his regret, it was detailed for the defences of that city. Although constantly engaged in his duties as Adjutant, and in the acquisition of military knowledge, Colonel TREMAIN was ever eager for active service in the field. At last, in September, 1863, he was appointed by the President Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain, with orders to report to General DAVIES, of the cavalry, of the Potomac Army. He was assigned to the staff of that officer, then commanding a brigade in KILPATRICK'S division. He was transferred to the staff of the First Brigade, Second Divison, then under the command of Colonel TAYLOR, after and now by General DAVIES. He remained on this staff, distinguished himself by his bravery in many engagements, by the courtesy of his manner, and the prompt and intelligent discharge of every duty until December last, when he was commissioned as Lieutenant Colonel of the Tenth New York Cavalry. He ever won the affectionate regard, as he always secured the respect of his superior officers, and the warm friendship of his companions in arms.

In the battle of Feb. 6, at Hatcher's Run, the command of his regiment had just fallen to him, when he was struck by a musket ball in the hip. This wound, though not considered serious at first, resulted in his death on the night of the following Wednesday. Thus lived and died one of our youngest and bravest officers. At school, at college, in all the different positions he occupied in the army, his abilities commanded respect, his kind and genial qualities won him love. He was eminent for the gentleness and purity of his character, his bravery in action, his devotion to his country's liberties, and that Union for which he so freely gave his young and noble life.

He leaves a bereaved family, whose pride he so justly was, and many sorrowing friends, to mourn his loss, whose consolation it will be, when time has assuaged the pangs of separation from one so loved, that he fell in the discharge of the highest, noblest duty of man, battling for his country and life.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest,
By all their country's wishes blest!

When Spring, with dewy fingers cold,
Returns to deck their hallowed mould,
She there shall dress a sweeter sod
Than fancy's feet have ever trod.

By fairy hands their knell is rung;
By forms unseen their dirge is sung;
There Honor comes a pilgrim gray,
To bless the turf that wraps their clay;
And freedom shall awhile repair,
To dwell a weeping hermit there!"

From the New York Tribune.

Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN, of the 10th New York Cavalry, and son of the Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, of Albany, was among the slain at the battle of Hatcher's Run. Colonel TREMAIN was born in Greene County, New York, in June, 1843; entered Hobart College in the fall of 1860, and remained till the summer of 1862, when unable longer to resist the calls of patriotism, he entered the army as Adjutant of the 7th New York Heavy Artillery. He served with distinction in the defenses of Washington, and subsequently as Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain, on the staff of General DAVIES of the cavalry in KILPATRICK'S Division of the Potomac Army. In this position he distinguished himself by his bravery and the prompt and intelligent discharge of his duties. In December last he was commissioned Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th New York Cavalry, in the command of which regiment he was wounded at Hatcher's Run in the battle of February 6, and died on the following Wednesday. Colonel TREMAIN was distinguished for an unusual degree of generosity, firmness and courage, great ability and entire devotion to the cause of his country. His bereaved family and very many attached friends will long cherish his memory with affectionate sorrow.

From the New York Times.

Lieutenant Colonel FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, of the Tenth Cavalry, and son of Judge TREMAIN, of Albany, badly wounded before Petersburgh on Monday, died on Wednesday. Colonel

TREMAIN joined the service in 1862, as Adjutant of the Seventh Volunteer Artillery, one of the best and largest regiments sent from Albany. It was assigned to duty in the forts near Washington, but in the course of a few months, Colonel TREMAIN, anxious for a more active military life, sought and obtained a position on the staff of General GREGG, in the cavalry corps of Major General SHERIDAN. He speedily won the confidence of his superiors, and promotion soon followed the development of the soldierly accomplishments which distinguished him in the many battles in which he participated. No better evidence of his merits as a soldier need be cited than the fact that he had earned the rank of Lieutenant Colonel at the early age of twenty-one.

From the Albany Standard & Statesman.

FUNERAL OF LIEUTENANT COLONEL TREMAIN.

The funeral of Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN will take place from his father's residence, in State street, to-morrow afternoon. The remains will be escorted by the 10th Regiment, Colonel CHAMBERLAIN. Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN died from the effects of a wound received while gallantly leading his regiment at the late battle at Hatcher's Run. Colonel TREMAIN entered the service as Adjutant. From this position he advanced to the Lieutenant Colonelcy in about two years. As an officer, he was brave, active and enterprising. As a gentleman, he was courteous and obliging. No officer in the service was more admired. No death in the service will be more regretted. He lived a patriot and died a hero. We condole with his parents in their great affliction.

From the Catskill Democratic Journal.

DEATH OF COLONEL FREDERICK L. TREMAIN.

With deep regret we learn the death of this young and patriotic soldier. Colonel TREMAIN was but a few weeks since promoted to his present rank for gallant and meritorious conduct in battle. He received his death wound at the battle before Petersburg last week. He was a brilliant, fearless and dashing officer, and met his death like a hero, fighting for his country. He had but just

arrived at the years of manhood, although holding the high rank of Lieutenant Colonel of his regiment, a position he had won by his brave conduct. Colonel TREMAIN was born in Durham, in this county, and a son of the Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, now of Albany. The terrible blow will fall with crushing weight upon his fond and devoted parents.

From the Catskill Examiner.

DEATH OF LIEUT. COLONEL TREMAIN.

Among the killed at the late battle of Hatcher's Run, was FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, son of Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN, of Albany. He was wounded in the hip by a musket ball, while in command of the Tenth New York Cavalry, and though the wound at first was not considered dangerous, it resulted fatally on Wednesday the 8th inst. Colonel TREMAIN was extremely young for one occupying his position, though he displayed in the discharge of his duties the calm judgment and courage of a veteran soldier. He was born in this county in 1843, and in his early youth gave abundant evidence of the noble qualities which distinguished him as a man, and procured for him the rapid military advancement which was due to his superior intelligence, courage and generosity. In all his different relations through life, from the district school to the college and the army, he won the esteem and love of all with whom he was associated. He was a brave and accomplished officer, and his devotion to his country, for which he freely gave his young life, will secure his name a place among those of the heroes who will be hereafter most honored for their valor, their patriotism, and their public services.

From the Geneva Gazette.

OBITUARY.

It is our sad duty to record the death of Lieutenant Colonel FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, who died at City Point hospital from the effects of a wound by a musket ball, received at the battle of Hatcher's Run on Wednesday of last week. Mr. TREMAIN, it

will be remembered, was a student at Hobart College, a member of the class of 1864, and at the termination of his Sophomore year left college to sustain the honor of the nation, and assert her authority at the hazard of his own life, which we see now resulting so fatally. Mr. TREMAIN entered the army as an Adjutant of an Albany regiment, from which position he was soon promoted to Assistant Adjutant General, with the rank of Captain on General DAVIES staff. Having shown prominent valor and firmness, he was this winter promoted to Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th New York State Cavalry. We can imagine how he longed for an opportunity to show his regiment that he, a young man of twenty-two years of age, would be a courageous leader, and when occasion required, how he plunged madly into the fearful scene of carnage, riding at the head of his battalion; how with upraised sword and the command "charge" upon his lips, he fell. The fatal ball lodged in his thigh, and after lingering till the following Wednesday, he died. It hardly seems possible that it can be a reality; and only when we think that the "place which once knew him shall know him again no more"—when we miss his genial face and generous heart, his brilliant vivacity and noble spirit—do we convince ourselves of the truth, and submissively yield to the wisdom of the Almighty. Farewell, thou noble son of a noble country! Where the darkness of the grave enshrouds him, there let him sleep. The earth is his mother, and the soil of Columbia his tomb.

Army correspondence of the Associated Press.

Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN, wrongly reported as Major TREMAINE of General GRANT'S staff, and of the Tenth New York Cavalry, who was badly wounded in the engagement of Monday, died last evening. He was a gallant officer, and much respected and loved by his comrades in the service.

From the Albany Knickerbocker.

HONOR TO THE DEAD.

On the morning of the 10th inst., the officers of the 1st brigade of the 2d cavalry division, in the Army of the Potomac, held a meeting relative to the death of Lieutenant Colonel FREDERICK

L. Tremain. A series of resolutions to the memory of this young and gallant officer were adopted. They paid a proper tribute to the purity of his life and character, to his unselfish patriotism, courteous bearing, manly courage and earnestness of purpose, all of which gave promise of a bright future for this much lamented young man. His loss is deeply mourned by his brethren in arms.

From the Journal and other Albany Papers.

Funeral Ceremonies of the late Lieutenant Colonel Frederick L. Tremain.

One of the most imposing funerals that has yet taken place in our city was that of Lieutenant Colonel Frederick L. Tremain, which took place yeterday afternoon. After the services had been performed at the residence of his father, Lyman Tremain, in State street, the corpse was conveyed to St. Peter's Church under the escort of the Zouave Cadets, to the tap of the muffled drum, followed by the relatives of the deceased. Opon reaching this edifice the corpse was conveyed by the following pall bearers: Lieut. Colonel Clarence Corning, Lieut. Colonel William Corning, Lieut. Colonel Charles M. Strong, Major Rufus W. Peckham, Jr., Major Dudley Olcott, Major George L. Pomeroy, Messrs. Billings P. Learned, Jr., Bradley Martin, Edw. Hun, Hamilton Van Vechten, Andrew Greene, Amasa J. Parker, Jr., M. H. Avery and Wm. R. Vernam. Reaching the porch, they were met by the Rector and Assistant Rector, Rev. Messrs. Wilson and Tatlock, and proceeding up the aisle, the Rector read the introductory sentences as given in the order for the burial of the dead.

The edifice was thronged and many an eye was dimmed with tears as the lifeless remains of this young officer were borne up the broad aisle and placed in front of the chancel. It was a solemn spectacle, and the plaintive notes of the deep-toned organ, as they blended with the voice of the Rector, penetrated the heart of the most careless observer. This was followed by the choir chanting in response the 30th and 90th Psalms. The Rev. Mr. Tatlock read a portion of the 15th chapter of 1st Corinthians, and the con-

cluding services were performed by the Rev. Mr. WILSON. The services in the church being concluded, the corpse was received by the 10th Regiment N. Y. S. N. G., under command of Lieut. Colonel WOODHULL, and conveyed to the cemetery.

The 10th Regiment, preceded by Schreiber's Band, acted as escort, and the Zouaves as a guard of honor. The coffin was covered with roses, and behind the hearse the horse of the deceased, with all his accoutrements reversed, was led by a groom. The cortege was large and imposing. Among those present, and as military mourner, was Colonel AVERY, who was in command of the regiment when young TREMAIN fell. The Rectors of St. Peter's accompanied the remains to the burial ground, where they performed the last sad rites over the body of the lamented young soldier.

LETTERS.

OMITTING numerous letters from private citizens full of kind and feeling tributes, I select a few written by military officers whose position as military men brought them into close and intimate relations with the deceased.

WAR DEPARTMENT, Feb. 10, 1865.

My Dear Sir: I am unable to tell how deeply my heart sympathises with you and Mrs. TREMAIN in the great calamity that has fallen upon you in the death of your son. That he has fallen upon the field of battle, fighting gallantly for his country, and given his life as a sacrifice for national existence, may hereafter be some consolation when time has embalmed his memory and assuaged the present agony of bereavement. I pray you, my dear friend, accept the assurance of my commisseration, and I trust that you will find support and comfort from that Divine Providence that has called your gallant son from the field of battle to a haven of rest.

Yours, truly,

EDWIN M. STANTON.

Hon. L. TREMAIN.

HEADQUARTERS 2D CAV. DIVISION,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, March 1, 1865.

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN,

My Dear Sir: I take the first opportunity of being able to use my pen to express to you my sincere sympathy on the great loss you have sustained in the death of your gallant son, Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN.

I know that I can say nothing that will alleviate the suffering caused by a blow such as that you have sustained, but while you mourn his loss it will be at least some consolation to know that he fell fighting for the good cause, and that his name will be ever remembered among those of the gallant men who have given up all, even to life itself, for the honor and safety of the country. As a brave and gallant officer, one who already in his extreme youth had won high military honors, and had before him a brilliant career of hope and promise, his early death is deeply and sincerely regretted by all his fellow officers and by none more than myself. For a long period he had served upon my staff, and had always deserved and obtained high praise for his knowledge of duty, his cheerfulness and untiring assiduity and the conspicuous gallantry he had displayed upon every battle field. When he was promoted to a higher position I regretted much that our intimate personal relations should be disturbed, but I was well aware of his high deserving and knew that his promotion was but a just recognition of his many good qualities.

During the short period he served with his regiment he had deserved the highest praise, and I looked upon his future advancement as secure and saw that if his life should be spared he had within his reach the highest honors of the profession of arms.

This, however, was not to be, and on the 6th of February, while leading his regiment with gallantry and judgment surpassed by none, he fell before the fate that has already cut off so many of our best and bravest men.

While we mourn his loss we must remember that his death was as glorious as his life had been distinguished.

In the vicissitudes of war should it be my fate to fall I could ask no death more distinguished than his; to fall at the crowning point of a success to which his gallantry and good conduct had greatly assisted, and to know that his farewell from earth and welcome above would be the same—"Well done thou good and faithful servant."

With the most sincere regards and the assurance of my heartfelt sympathy in your affliction, believe me

Very truly yours, H. E. DAVIES, Jr., Brig. Gen.

HEADQUARTERS, 10th N. Y. CAVALRY,
BEFORE PETERSBURG, VA., March 11, 1865.

My Dear Sir: Although more than a month has elapsed since the battle of Hatcher's Run, the last engagement in which your son, our gallant associate, participated, and in which his young life was laid upon the altar of his country, we, his comrades, are but the more frequently reminded of the vacant place in our little circle. Though his connexion with the regiment had been recent, yet, as Assistant Adjutant General of the Brigade, we had met him in social intercourse, and also marked his conspicuous bravery on the field. From the highest to the lowest he received an earnest welcome, not as a stranger, but as one who had been identified with us, of whose name and fame we were proud, and whose reputation was hereafter to belong more exclusively to us as a regiment. His honorable and unselfish ambition was particularly gratified that his promotion had been effected without detriment to the individual interests of any of our officers, and which was enhanced by his previous refusal of a proffered appointment, which if accepted would have compelled the overslaugh of a competent and deserving officer.

He came among us with an earnest intention to contribute the whole of his ability and energy towards improving the morale and effectiveness of the organization with which he had become identified. At times I could not refrain from smiling at the very earnest manner in which he endeavored to impress upon me the fact of his being young,—accustomed to habits of study and application;—his expressions of desire to share in the responsibility of command, and that it would be but necessary to merely *indicate* any duty which it were desirable that he should execute.

A few days before the movement a system of evening recitations of the officers in Tactics and the Regulations had been instituted under his charge. To this he devoted himself in the same earnest and conscientious manner in which he performed every task. Among other lessons was that of acquiring a new manual for the Carbine, just introduced into the division. In this, to the surprise of all, he became remarkably proficient after a few hours practice, his previous experience as executive officer of the Brigade having led me to imagine that he would be found wanting in the practice

necessary to an expert manipulation of the piece, but to this as all other duties of his profession, he had devoted a painstaking attention.

There was no trait of Lieutenant Colonel TREMAIN'S military character more prominent than an earnest purpose to contribute his every effort towards the success of our cause, and which was evinced on trifling occasions as well as in the crisis of an engagement. On the morning of our first days march, after a sleepless night, owing to the bad condition of the roads, wagons and ambulance were continually being mired, thus delaying the column. Although not under his charge he labored assiduously in the mud and water, and when extricated, made sport of the plight in which he found himself, with the consoling remark "That he had earned his pay for that day at least."

We were preparing our breakfast on the morning of the 6th, when the engagement suddenly opened, he immediately preferring the request to be allowed the post of danger in command of the skirmish line. Knowing his thoughts, I requested him not to unnecessarily expose himself, with the reminder: that "The Tenth" had too often seen him under fire to require needless evidence of his bravery in this his first battle as their Lieutenant Colonel. Our regiment, at first held in reserve, was afterward moved forward upon the line, soon after which, owing to the wound received by General DAVIES, I was notified that the command of the brigade had fallen to myself. I then despatched a staff-officer to apprise Colonel TREMAIN of his being in command of the regiment, and while receiving the message he was struck by a Minnie ball, and a moment afterward passed me, supported by two men. I shall never forget the pale face, but cheery voice which replied to my anxious inquiry regarding his injury: "That it felt rather deep, and that the blood was running down into his boots."

I could not then realize that it was the last time in life that I was to look upon the face of one who had become near and dear to me, and whose irreparable loss was henceforth to be mourned by an entire regiment.

We should be only too happy to contribute in any way to assuage your deep grief, but in such affliction, words are very, very empty;

and in enumerating the noble, manly characteristics of the lost one, and while we look forward to the future, we are but reminded of its brilliant prospect, had he but been spared for its development.

Yours, with sincere sympathy,

M. H. AVERY,
Col. 10th N. Y. Cavalry.

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN,
Albany, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS 11th U. S. INFANTRY,
IN THE FIELD, NEAR CITY POINT, VA., Feb. 10, 1865.

My Dear Judge: It becomes your duty to bear with resignation the sorrows incident to this Rebellion, now drawing rapidly to a close. Your son expired on the 8th inst., the particulars of which have already been communicated; but I thought my brief note might not be unacceptable, as expressive of my regret, and in sympathy with your afflictions. He received his death wound on the field, at the head of his troops, on the 6th inst., at Hatcher's Run, in one of the sharpest conflicts of the war. Having appointed him Adjutant of the Seventh New York Volunteer Artillery, of which I had been designated as Colonel, I had followed him with interest, in and out of the field, in the belief that his extreme youth would ripen into an early manhood of usefulness and distinction. In the capacity of Adjutant, and in the duties of an Assistant Adjutant-General, and in his last commission as Lieutenant Colonel of the 10th New York Volunteer Cavalry, he has fulfilled the expectations of his friends, and left a proud record for his family. Always cheerful and buoyant in the midst of trials and dangers, he imparted to his companions his untiring energy, and won from his followers their confidence and esteem. It has been gratifying to me to hear the praise bestowed by officers of rank for his conduct in the action on the 6th inst., and the regrets that the service should be so soon deprived of one so distinguished for devotion to the cause. His blade was as keen and as bright as his principles, and in his fall there is a brilliant example, as well as an instructive lesson to his countrymen. You may sorrow while the loss bears heavily and freshly upon your household; but, in the future,

you will find ample reward in the conviction that he actively participated in the restoration, as well as the promotion of our country.

I am, very truly, your friend and obedient servant,

JOHN T. SPRAGUE,
Lieut.-Colonel U. S. A.

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN,
Albany, N. Y.

ALBANY, February 10, 1865.

My Dear Sir: I know that, at this time, no words of mine can mitigate the sorrow of the sad bereavment which has overshadowed you; yet I feel that I should do myself injustice—should do injustice to the uninterrupted and close friendship which always existed between myself and your dear son—should I refrain from writing to you, or fail to give expression to my regard for him as a man, an officer and a friend.

We entered the service together in July, 1862, under the call of Governor MORGAN, which provided that the Adjutant and the Surgeon of the regiment should be mustered into the service prior to the enlistment of the men, and it thus happened that we spent nearly a month together, the only officers of the regiment. We were constantly associated during his service as Regimental Adjutant, and when he was assigned to duty on the Brigade Staff as Assistant Adjutant General, it was my good fortune to be still with him, being Surgeon-in-chief of the Brigade. When subsequently he entered the Adjutant General's Department, and was assigned to duty on General DAVIES staff, I met him often. I feel, therefore, that as a man and as a military officer I knew him well.

There is, besides, another reason which impels me to write. Of the regimental staff which left Albany in the 113th regiment, and participated in the sanguinary campaign of last year, I am the only surviving member. This is true also, with one exception, of the brigade staff, on which we served together. Death has claimed them all. MORRIS, ORR, SPRINGSTEED—how tenderly and eloquently would they have written! Alas! that we should have only the silent eloquence of mingled blood and united deaths in our country's common cause, of friends so noble, brave and true.

I well remember the favorable impression he produced by the earnestness with which he entered on his duties as Adjutant of the regiment, the facility with which he mastered the details of his new position, and the promptness and unwearied diligence with which he met the numerous demands made on him in enrolling and mustering the regiment—an impression but deepened when, our organization completed, on his young shoulders rested the responsibility of duties so new, so various, and so important. And when, subsequently, Colonel MORRIS appointed him Assistant Adjutant General of his brigade, his new and higher duties were as readily mastered and as satisfactorily filled. The discrimination and judgment he expressed on the various questions submitted to him, and the clear, concise and forcible statement of the matters embraced in his reports, bear honorable testimony to the strength of his understanding, and the exactness of his culture.

But his intimate and comprehensive acquaintance with military duty was not the only nor the chief source of his popularity. His personal qualities endeared him alike to officers and men. Above all petty jealousies—honorable, generous, fair-minded—he was sought as a counsellor and trusted as a friend. Universally popular, his departure from our command was as universally regretted.

And when, in the hour of battle, his coolness, his decision and his daring shone out above all these qualities; although he no longer belonged to our regiment, yet his success was our own, and we shared every honor with him.

But his work is done. On the line nearest the enemy he gave his young life for his country. And no more noble sacrifice has Albany laid on the altar of her patriotism.

I am sir, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

To Hon. L. TREMAIN, JAS. E. POMFRET.
Albany, N. Y.

CAMP FIRST PENNSYLVANIA VETERAN CAVALRY,
NEAR PETERSBURG, VA., March 8, 1865.

HON. LYMAN TREMAIN, Albany, N. Y.:

My Dear Sir: I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of the 2d inst., asking for dates and incidents of the

military history of your son, the late gallant Lieutenant-Colonel F. L. TREMAIN, 10th New York Cavalry.

It will afford me much pleasure, so far as I am able, to furnish you with any information relative to the short, but brilliant career of one so brave and so heroic, cut down in his early manhood, and who has so patriotically offered his young blood a sacrifice to country and to liberty.

I was intimately associated, by the closest ties of friendship, with Colonel TREMAIN, while on the brigade staff, and I am happy to say that I have always found him, in every respect, a true American soldier, willing to do and dare anything for the good of the cause and the service. Cool, brave, and self-reliant in action—social, hopeful and cheerful in camp and bivouac—he was a model soldier, and an accomplished gentleman. Ever prompt, earnest, active and soldierly, he stood high in the estimation of his brother officers of the First Brigade, for gallantry and heroism on the field of battle.

The following are the battles and skirmishes in which Colonel TREMAIN took part, and was actively engaged:

BATTLES.

Todd's Tavern,.....	May	5 and 6, 1864.	
Childsburg,.....	"	9	"
Richmond Heights,.....	"	12	"
Haws' Shop,.....	"	28	"
Cold Harbor,.....	June	1	"
Barker's Mills,.....	"	2	"
Trevillian Station,.....	"	12	"
White House,.....	"	21	"
St. Mary's Church,.....	"	24	"
Malvern Hill,.....	July	28	"
Lee's Mills,.....	"	31	"
Gravel Hill,.....	August	14	"
Ream's Station,.....	"	25	"
Davis' Farm,.....	October	1	"
Hatcher's Run,.....	"	26	"
Stony Creek,.....	November	27	"
Bellfield, Weldon Railroad,..	December	9	"
Dabney's Mills,..... ...	February		"

SKIRMISHES.

Ashland, May 10, 1864.
Ream's Station, July 15, 1864.
Gravel Hill, August 16 and 17, 1864.
Yellow House, Weldon Railroad, August 19, 1864.
Ream's Station, Weldon Railroad, Aug. 21, 22, 23, 1864.
Garrett's Station, Weldon Railroad, December 10, 1864.

INCIDENTS.

At Todd's Tavern he distinguished himself by charging at the head of a column on the advancing enemy, penetrating their lines, and cutting his way back through them again.

At the battle of Haws' Shop, one of the hardest fought and most severely contested actions in which the Cavalry Corps has been engaged, he showed great heroism in carrying ammunition on his horse to the skirmish line, under a heavy fire.

He displayed signal bravery at the battle of St. Mary's Church, June 24th, in passing beyond and between the opposing lines, while acting in the discharge of his duty as a staff-officer.

At the battle of Davis' Farm, October 1st, the Brigade was attacked by more than double its number of the enemy, and the line beginning to waver under the pressure, he seized a battle-flag, and waving it over his head, rode along the battle-line, reassuring the troops, by his fearless gallantry and undaunted bravery, amid a withering fire.

At the battle of Hatcher's Run, Oct. 26th, he resolutely stood at his post, under a very heavy artillery fire, cheering and encouraging the men by his presence and example.

At Dabney's Mills he fell nobly in the discharge of his duties, meeting a soldier's glorious death, as became his fervent zeal, his generous patriotism, and heroic character. *Requiescat in pace*, and may the grass grow green above his early grave.

With many kind wishes to yourself and family, and my deep sympathy in your bereavement,

I remain, your obedient servant,

H. S. THOMAS,
Major Commanding 1st Penn. Vet. Cavalry.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC,
February 14, 1865.

My Dear Sir: It is with the most heartfelt sympathy in your great bereavement that I undertake a reply to your note of the 10th inst. FRED was like a brother to me—the dearest friend I had in the army; my heart is loaded with grief as I think that he has gone.

Upon hearing that FRED had returned from home, I rode over to his regiment, which was then near Hatcher's Run, and found him about taking lunch, which he shared with me; and we had a long talk of mutual friends. Shortly after we separated, the cavalry were ordered to advance, in conjunction with the infantry, when your son was wounded. The immediate particulars of his fall I presume you have heard from Colonel AVERY. As soon as I heard that he was wounded, I obtained permission to go to the hospital, where I found him upon a comfortable bed in very good spirits: his wound had not been examined thoroughly, and the surgeons were unable to state whether it was of a dangerous character. FRED would not listen at first to my suggestion to telegraph to you, but finally thought better of it, whereupon I forwarded my first dispatch. Dr. PAGE, the Acting Medical Director of the army, examined the wound, and informed me that he did not consider it dangerous, although it would undoubtedly prove a very painful one. Upon his statement I immediately telegraphed you again to this effect. The next intelligence we received here was of his death. My friend, Dr. ASCHE, attended him at the City Point Hospital. I inclose his letter, giving particulars of the immediate causes of the unexpected end. Had I had the slightest intimation that there was danger of the injury proving fatal, I should have spared no pains to have been with him. Major TREMAIN took charge of his effects, and was granted leave of absence to accompany the body home. If there is anything left undone here, I shall consider it a favor for you to commission me to execute it. In closing permit me to renew the assurances of my sympathy; his many friends here will long remember his beloved form, and miss him at the social gathering, where he was the life and soul of the

party. Brave, gallant, generous, he offered up his young life upon his country's shrine—he died a soldier's death.

"Green grow the grass above thee friend of my youthful days,
None knew thee but to love thee, nor named thee but to praise."

Very sincerely yours,

CHARLES E. PEASE.

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN.

HEADQUARTERS, 1st DIVISION 2d ARMY CORPS,
IN FIELD, NEAR PETERSBURGH, VA., Feb. 16, 1865.

HON. LYMAN TREMAIN, Albany, N. Y.:

Sir: From a letter received last night I was pained to learn of the death of your son FRED., at the same time my warmest friend. I was aware of his being wounded, as I was on the field at the time, but was told it was a slight one. I could not find him then to see him, and came back here, intending to go to the depot and wait his arrival, but on my arrival I was immediately sent back to the left with a regiment to be put in an important position. On my return I found he had gone to City Point. I then tried to get a pass there, but could not, owing to the movement. I am sorely grieved to hear of his sudden death. With him I first entered the service, and with him my relations were always of the most friendly, almost brotherly character, and now to think of his death almost unmans me. His loss will be deeply felt in the 7th N. Y. Artillery, but none more deeply than yourself. Permit me to extend to yourself and family my sincere and heartfelt sympathy in your great and sorrowful affliction. I trust that the knowledge of his having died in the faithful discharge of his duty, nobly fighting for his country, will tend to soothe your wounded spirits and relieve your grief of its bitterness. I, for my part, will never place a battery, brigade or regiment in position to repel or make an attack without thinking of FRED. I saw FRED. the Saturday afternoon before his death, as he came up to see me. He said he was going to write you, and also that you expected to come down. I told him I expected to go home soon, and he desired me to call on you and

relate the interview. I cannot but mourn the loss of such a friend and desire to extend my sympathies. Trusting you may not mourn as one without hope, but that you may be comforted,

I am, with great respect, your obedient servant,

JOHN S. McEWAN,
Captain and Judge Advocate, 1st Division.

HEADQUARTERS 3d BRIGADE 1st DIVISION, 5th CORPS, VA., Feb. 17, 1865.

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN :

Dear Sir: That "death loves a shining mark," has never, in the progress of this war, been more painfully manifested than in the death of your son FRED. A better and braver officer, and one more respected and loved by all his associates in the army, never drew sword in behalf of the country in whose noble defence he has so gallantly fallen. Mourning hearts here mingle tears of regret and condolence with mourning hearts at home—at that fireside where he was so loved—at that home of which he was a proud ornament. He fell in battle—fell as a true soldier would wish to fall. I know this is some consolation to you all; but never can the clouds of sorrow be wholly dispelled, and in the long coming years of the future there will be the vacant chair, and his manly form will be missed. I loved him as a brother, as did all whose pleasure and pride it was to enjoy his friendship and intimacy. I mourn him as a brother, as do all who knew him, for none knew him but to love him. I wish it was in my power (but it is not,) to write or say something that could lighten this great affliction that has fallen on your household, and lessen your grief for this irreparable loss of the best and purest of sons, and most affectionate of brothers.

The first news that reached me of FRED'S being wounded was that it was not mortal; next came the sad intelligence of his death. I immediately made inquiries as to the care of the body, with a view to having it embalmed and forward it to you, with the intention of accompanying it home; but in this I had been anticipated. There is nothing I would not have have done for him living—there is nothing I would have left undone for him dead, that could lessen the grief of yourself and your household.

He has gone from you and us; you never can cease to mourn him; we never shall look on his like again.

Please accept these few lines as a slight assurance of my heartful sympathy for you and your family in this your great and trying bereavement.

I have not the power or heart to say more.

Very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEORGE H. WEIR.

HEADQUARTERS 6th REGIMENT NEW YORK ARTILLERY,
DEFENCES OF BERMUDA HUNDRED, VA., Feb. 21st, 1865.

HON. LYMAN TREMAIN:

Dear Sir: A few days since I heard, with great regret, of the death of your son, Lieutenant-Colonel TREMAIN, in the recent engagement at Hatcher's Run. Although my acquaintance with him was not intimate, yet the few occasions on which I met him since he entered the service were sufficient to impress me with the fact that he was earnest and sincere, and performed his duties in a manner equally creditable to his talents and conscience. I not unfrequently heard of him, and from my acquaintance with yourself, I naturally was much interested in him, as well as because I heard nothing but good reports of him, whether from officers or men. Amiable, genial and intelligent, he was a favorite with all who knew him, and no less was he respected as a gallant officer than admired as a pleasant companion. His death occasioned many sad hearts in the army, where his memory will long live as that of a good man and a true soldier who died for his country.

I beg to offer to you and your family my most sincere sympathy in your great affliction.

I am, with great respect, yours sincerely,

CHAS. H. PORTER.

HEADQUARTERS 89th NEW YORK VOL. INFANTRY,
IN THE FIELD, VA., Feb. 16th, 1865.

My dear Uncle: By the paper of the 13th inst., which reached us to day, I learned of your great affliction, and hesitate to write; well knowing how futile and ineffectual will prove any poor words

which I may offer to alleviate the sorrow which this sad blow must cause. I cannot express the heart felt sorrow and sadness which the announcement of cousin FRED'S. death has occasioned. I sympathise with you most sincerely and tenderly. Another of us has gone, and if it must be so, there is to my mind the melancholy satisfaction of knowing that he fell, as I think he would have wished, amid the rattle of his 'carbines' and the roar of battle, while nobly and gallantly contending against the foes of his country. To you I fear there is very little satisfaction in this, but to us who hold our lives by the slightest thread, if it is our fate to die, let it be, as was FRED'S, sword in hand. I assure you, that during the coming campaign, I shall not forget the one who has just gone from us, but that his memory will, in battle, make my nerves steadier and my arm stronger, and, should chance offer, he shall be avenged most fully and fearfully.

With a heart full of sympathy and condolence for you and my dear cousins, to whom the loss of their brother must be a terrible blow, I bid you farewell, and subscribe myself

Your affectionate nephew,

F. W. TREMAIN.

The author of this letter, a son of WILLIAM TREMAIN, of Lanesboro, Pennsylvania, was promoted, subsequent to its date, to the Majority of the 89th New York. Attached to the 24th corps, it became his duty to lead his regiment at a charge made near Petersburgh, pursuant to General Grant's order for an attack along the whole line, April 2d, 1865, when he was shot in the head and killed instantly. He was a noble and gallant officer, and died at the early age of twenty-one.

Four cousins, differing but little in age, entered the service at about the same time, all bright and promising young men, prompted by the highest sentiments of patriotism and duty. Of these, three have lost their lives in the service of their country. Their names are: Lieutenant WALTER TREMAIN, Lieutenant-Colonel FREDERICK L. TREMAIN, and Major FRANK TREMAIN.

Major H. E. TREMAIN, brother of WALTER, and son of EDWIN TREMAIN, of New York city, having passed through numerous battles, and perils innumerable, after being taken prisoner at the second

battle of Bull Run, and confined in Libby prison for a few weeks, was exchanged, and participated in all the recent battles under SHERIDAN. His fate has been for many days involved in doubt, but a letter just received by his father, written by him at Burkesville, conveys the gratifying intelligence that he is alive and unharmed.

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735 BROADWAY, ALBANY, N. Y.
February 10, 1865.

Hon. L. TREMAIN:

My Dear Sir: With much surprise, and with feelings of deep regret, I learned of the death of your son. To me he was as a brother, and I shall feel his loss sadly.

Our acquaintance commenced in July, 1862, and during our long companionship on the staff of the lamented Colonel MORRIS, we were constantly together, and I found FRED a true friend and gentleman—generous, honorable and brave.

You and your family have my warmest sympathy in this your affliction, and while our hearts bleed at his loss, let us look above for that consolation which "the world cannot give," remembering that he cheerfully gave up his life for his country—a noble sacrifice on the altar of liberty.

In view of our warm friendship, and our close military connections, allow me to offer my services in any way I can lessen your sad burdens, and honor his memory in this your hour of deep sorrow.

I am, very respectfully, your obedient servant,

GEO. H. TREADWELL,
Late Captain 7th N. Y. Vol. Artillery.

1st BRIGADE, 2d DIV. CAVALRY,
February 9, 1865.

My Dear Sir: I little thought, when I last saw your son, that I should so soon be called upon to sympathize with you in your sore bereavement, and to lament with you the sad and sudden termination of his brilliant career.

We served together on General DAVIES' staff for eight months, and were thrown together in especial intimacy during the raid to Richmond and the first week of the battles of the Wilderness. It was then that I learned to admire as well as love him. His personal character was truly noble, manly and honorable; and as a soldier his gallantry and dash were especially conspicuous. He seemed, indeed, not to know what fear was, and carried his bravery almost to the point of recklessness.

Every one esteemed him, as indeed they could not help doing, while his genial, generous temperament, his loyal and devout enthusiasm for the *cause*, won the admiration of all who watched his behavior.

His delight in the active duties of his profession was rare and ardent, amounting often to an absolute enthusiasm. As I write I well remember, in illustration of this, his just indignation, and almost grief, at the demoralization observed among a pack train, at what might have been a critical moment, when our rear was attacked on the 9th of May.

No officer in the army had a future of more promise than he, or anticipated it with more glowing hopefulness. Young as he was, he had already won for himself a reputation which any soldier might envy, and which will be very slow to perish.

Of my personal attachment to him I dare not suffer myself to speak, nor is this the place to do so. It will live in my mind forever, associated not only with the profession so dear to us both, but with all that is brave and beautiful.

The loss, too, which you have sustained I feel that I can but imperfectly estimate. Yet knowing what he was to his friends, I can appreciate, in some slight degree, what it must have been to lose so noble, so gifted, and so loving a son.

It is your high privilege, however, in thinking of the end of his young life—the life he risked so often and yielded up so heroically—to know that the country so dear to you and to him, he counted abundantly worthy the costly sacrifice he made.

I am, my dear sir, very truly yours,

JAMES NEILSON POTTER,
Capt. and C. S. Vols.

Hon. LYMAN TREMAIN.

LINES

On the Death of Lieut.-Colonel Frederick L. Tremain.

BY ALFRED B. STREET.

Song for the young and brave !
A pean for his bright though brief career !
But a low dirge above his warrior grave,
The sudden closing to his opening year.
Grief twines with glory. While his morn was red
His Alma Mater's bowers all greenly spread
Joy in his heart, fair fortune at his side,
Home with its joys and friends that loved with pride,
He turned from all to stem the battle-tide
For his loved land, and for that land he died.
Amid the roaring rain of musketry,
And thunder-shock of volleys, the keen play
Of bayonet-lightning, his slight form we see
Full in the front, and where death's awful way
Was wildest ! Woe that he should perish there
In his fresh strength while sweeping upward road
With his good sword, to where Fame, bright and rare
For one so young, stood holding high in air
The laurel wreath. In strife how fiercely glowed
His heart ! in rest how full of love and mirth !
Blue shone the sky, and flowery smiled the earth,
For toward all human kind his heart in gladness flowed.

The saddle was his throne, and he a king
When the fierce squadron dashed in thundering might
A cataract of swords and shots—a wing
Of rushing Havoc—a quick cleaving flight
Of deadly levin ! Lo, a glorious raid !
And the galloping steeds and the rush and the clang
Of the ride over mountain, through forest and glade
And the keen thrilling peals of the trumpet ! How sprang
The hamlet in terror while on came the burst
Of the troopers and cheering and flame told the worst,

As they swept up the harvest and dashed down the wall
And, laden with spoil, skimmed away one and all.
While the night rang with clash and deep thunder of bound
And flushed wide with torch-flame, and day heard the sound
From field and from village of wailing and wrath
And the foe sought in vain to block SHERIDAN's path.
And mid them our eager young hero! no toil
Too great for his striving; no battle-turmoil
Too fierce for his daring; no duty undone
Till the goal of the striving and daring was won.

Oh, long lament for him, the youthful dead!
The bravest of the brave! most kind and true!
The blossom scarce to perfect life had spread
The sun had scarcely climbed the morning blue.
And yet so firm he looked at coming death
With eye so dauntless, such untrembling breath
It seemed a mark of scorn. The bullet sped,
And hours rolled onward, while with creeping tread,
The shadowy foe approached; and when the dart
Was reared to reach his young, warm, generous heart,
With tenderest love of friends upon his lips
He entered, undismayed, life's dread and dark eclipse.

Song for the young and brave!
Long as the land shall live he died to save
Shall Honor cast fresh wreaths upon his grave.
Not lost his bright career; it shines a light
To kindle other hearts with patriot might,
And when strife calls again, a beacon to the fight.

And not alone home's fractured altar shows
A shrouded radiance, a great nation knows
Her darkened orbs, and keeps them in her heart
And when the frowning clouds of War depart
Her grateful love will kindle them anew
And constellate their rays forever in her view.

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